

D O N
JUAN LAMBERTO:

Or, a Comical

HISTORY

OF THE

Late Times.

The First Part.

By MONTÉLION Knight of the Oracle, &c.

The second Edition Corrected.

L O N D O N:

Printed by *J. Brudenell* for *Henry Mush* at the *Princes Arms*
in *Chancery-lane* near *Fleetstreet*. 1661.

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Don Juan Lambert. 2 parts. 4^o. 1661.

The second part of this
Satire upon the Republicans
is seldom to be found
added to the first.

This copy has both Parts.

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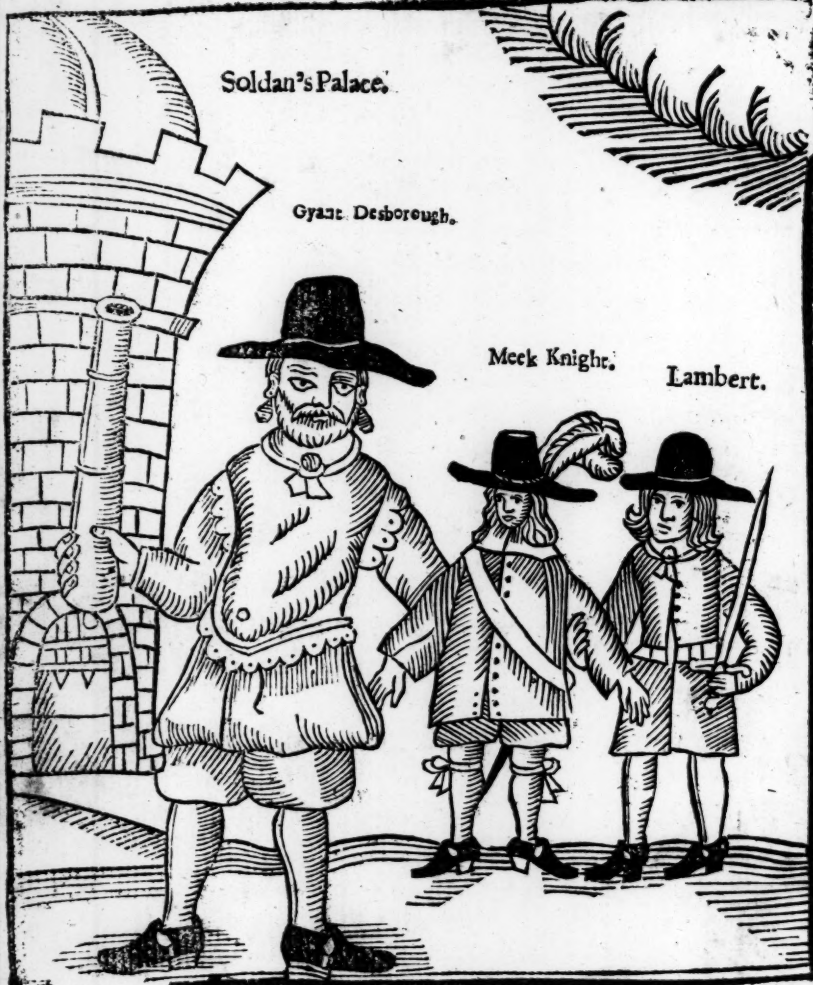


Soldan's Palace.

Gyaz: Desborough.

Meek Knight.

Lambert.



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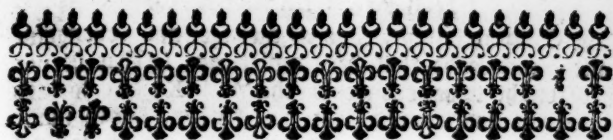
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Mr. Knight,

Lambert.





Don JUAN LAMBERTO:
OR, A
COMICAL HISTORY
O F
The late Times,

CHAP. I.

How *Cromwel* Soldan of *Britain* dyed, and what
befel his Son the *Meek Knight*.

NOW had *Cromwel* the dread Soldan of *Britain*
through the importunity of death, with much
unwillingness left this World, and his Son
Ricardus, surnamed for his great valour the Meek
Knight, reigned in his stead: When his fortune having
now a mind to eat sauce with his meat, resolves to gather
this great Mushrome, and lay him in pickle. There were
at that time in *England* many good Knights who had
been greatly despised and evilly intreated by the Soldan
in his life time, who sought all advantages to reek their
most implacable malice on his Son the Meek Knight
who was placed on the Throne in the room of his Fa-
ther: The chief of these was *Sir Lambert*, the Knight

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of the Golden Tulep; One of an eager and revengeful spirit; and beside that very ambitious, so that he not onely sought to be revenged on the Meek Knight for the injuries he had received from his Father, but to make himself chief Soldon also; however he was very slye and close, and would by no means discover himself until that by his fair carriage he had won to his side made many of the chief Soldans Knights, who had him in great honour and esteem, for that they took him to be a right cunning and valorous Champion.

CHAP. II.

Of the Birth of Sir *Vane*, Knight of the most mystical Allegories.

WHEN nature by true consanguinity had created him in his Mothers Womb, she dreamed to be conceived of a Firebrand, that should set on fire her Mansion House, which dream she long concealed and kept secret until her painful burden was grown so heavy that she was scarce able to endure it: so finding at length an opportunity to reveal it to her husband, she revealed her dream in this manner, 'By most honourable Lord, you know that I am your true and lawful Wife, yet never was in hope of Child till now, so that by me your name should survive: 'Therefore I conjure you by the pleasures of your youth, and the dear and natural love you bear unto the Infant conceived in my Womb, that either by art, wisdom, or some other inspiration you calculate upon my trouble; some dreams, and tell me what they are; For night by night no sooner doth sweet sleep seize upon my senses, but I dream that I am conceived of a dreadful fire-brand, the which shall set on fire our Mansion House: To which her husband answered in this manner, 'By most dear

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'dear and beloved Lady, what art or learning can perform
'with all convenient speed shall be accomplished; for ne-
'ver shall rest take possession of my heart, nor sleep close
'up the closets of my eyes, till I understand the significa-
'tion of this troublesome matter.

Whereupon he travelled through many Deserts and
Wildernesses, hoping to meet with the Hermitage of
some Inchantress, but he could find none: For then Yilil
the Necromancer dwelt not in the Strand, neither were
there any Sorcerers in Southwark; Whereupon seeing
no other means to attain his desired end, he went and
bought him a Fortune-Book and a Bale of Dice, and car-
ried them home to his beloved Lady, who with great
earnestness expected his return for two reasons, first out
of curiosity, and then because that supper was like to be
spoiled. Being return'd home, and having refresh'd his
weary body with corporal food; as he was sitting at
the Table, after the cloth was taken away, he called for
the said Fortune-Booke, and caused his Wife to throw
three Dice, under the Philosopher Pythagoras, who dire-
cted them to this following saying of Haly the Conjuror,
whi h gave them full satisfaction of the nature of the In-
fant. The Verses were these.

This Son is thine with Heav'ns good leave,
His Tongue all people shall deceive;
Folks shall thee curse for thy nights work,
When thou him got'st, nor Christian, nor Turk.
Throw Dice no more on any Day,
For it is truth what ere I say.

CHAP. III.

How the Knight of the myſterious Allegories grew up, and how he put ſtriſe between his Mother and her Maids, and cauſed his Father and Mother to go together by the ears:

VHile both the Father & the Mother were ſcanning what the meaning ſhould be of this ſame Oracle; The Child himſelfe gave ſtill an expoſition more and more cleare as he grew in yeares: 'Tis true that when he was a Child he acted but the Childs part, and exerciſed his Talents on more mean ſubjects, though hee were not unmindful of his work in what ever ſpheare he mov'd: He began with his Mothers Maides, between whom and his Mother hee made perpetual diſcordes and diſſentions, by accusing either the Maide to the Miſtreſs, or the Miſtreſs to the Maide; nor could he endure to ſee his Father and Mother in peace, uſing the ſame policies to ſet them alſo at variance, which he did with ſo much dexterity, that one might perceibe how he made it his ſtudy: What ever he knew his Father diſlik'd in his Mother, that he made her continually acting: and what his Mother approv'd not of in his Father, of that he render'd his Father allwaies moſt guilty.

CHAP. IV.

How his Father ſent him to School, and how he there ſet the Boyes againſt their Maſter, and bred diſſerences between the Maſter and his Wiſe,

BUT when theſe tricks of the young ſtrippling were Breveal'd to his Father, he bethought himſelf of riding

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ding this little vermin out of his house: Wherefore he caused great search to be made after a worthy Pedagogue: and at length one was found and brought unto him: To whom the Father of the stripling thus said, 'Sir Pedagogue, I have here a Son whom I would have thee to instruct, and bring up with great care; therefore if thou wilt take him, and keep him seven years, and give him such instruction as thou art able, I will after that greatly advance thee and thy generation. Sir Pedagogue made the Father of the youth a great bow, and a most obsequious leg, and said unto him, Sir Knight, I will perform all thy commands. Whereupon he took the stripling home, and indoctrinated him with very exceeding pains. But long had not the young Lad bin there, but according to his usual course he sowed such seeds of dissention among the Boys, that instead of their former obedience and respect, they exercised now nothing but rebellion and disobedience: It was enough for the Master who before could frown every Schollar he had into a loofness, now to beseech them to lay down their Wick-brats. His Wife too, who had before so long been toying to him, now scolds at him like a Butter-whore, and he hates her that so lately was so dear to him. Fathers complaine, the Master fumes, the Mistress rants, the Husband veres; in a word, all things are so much out of order, that Sir Pedagogue perceiving his present peace before his future advancement resolves to carry back this primum mobile of mischief, for such he soon discovered him to be, to his own Parent, not being able him else longer to endure the trouble of his veracious contrivances: When the ancient Seer beheld his Son so soon return'd unto him he said unto the Pedagogue, What are the seven years expir'd already? Then said the Pedagogue, I well know Sir Knight, that the seven years are not yet expired; but so great do I find the capacity of your Son, that should I keep him as my poor gymnasyolum, I should both wrong you, and injure the Youth.

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Youth: Therefore have I restor'd him to you again, that you may provide for him according to his wonderful and most forward genius. The crafty For his Father too well knew the disposition of his young Cub, therefore said he unto the Pedagogue, No! 'This is not the cause of my Sons so soon return, I fear something worse, and therefore I conjure thee to tell me the truth: Was hee not wont to set thee and thy Boys together by the eares? Did he not cause much strife and contention between thee and thy Wife, so that neither thou, nor they, nor she could rest in quiet for him: To which the Pedagogue made answer, that since he must confess the truth, 'twas even as he had said, and no otherwise. At which words of the Pedagogue, the old man shook his head as if he would have shaken his teeth out of his mouth; for he was very sorrowful to hear of the evil courses which his young Son proceeded in.

CHAP. V.

How Sir Vane sent his Son to the King's School, and of the tumults which he raised there by his Sorceries; how he plotted with the other Boys to breake the Preceptor's neck, and of his Allegory.

SIR Vane having had so ill success with his Son in one place, resolves to send him to another, where he might be more severely look'd after: He had not thought long, but he thought of the Kings Schoole: Now it so came to pass, that at that time there lived there a Giant, who was a very cruel and imperious Dominator over the buttocks of youth, one that spared none, but very grievously and sorely lashed all alike: he was hight Sir O beston, whose School was like Kalybs Rock, where you heard nothing all day long, but the screeks and ruful groans of children

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children and boyes elaborately corrected. Hither the little For caner, his Father intending that he should be in this place terrified out of all his designs : But what mortal is able to stop the course of the splendiferous Don, who can quell the raging Boreas, or change the wilde nature of the roaring Lion: Even so impossible was it to drive back the ill nature of this Youth, though it were with Witch-sozes; wherefore he went on in his old trade, putting in practise his wonted spells and magical words: the effects whereof did presently appear, for in a little while the Schollars were all in an uproar, some would only study on holy dayes, and play upon working dayes, others would begin at the end of their Books, and read toward the beginning, saying it was the best way, and that the Preceptor was a Dunce: Then because that one of the Preceptors knowing the dangerous consequence of these innovations, strove to oppose them, young Sir Vane contrives with them how to break his neck, and so ordered the matter that they should follow the Preceptor to the top of the stairs, and throw him down headlong. But the plot being discovered, he was called to a very strict account. Sirrha quoth the Gyant of the Kings School, what fury hath possessed thy overwhelmed mind, proud pyncock thus to adventure thy feeble contrivances against the violence of my strong arm : The Youth though confounded with the threatening words of the Gyant, durst not deny what he knew was so well known; and therefore he sought to put it off with an Allegory, for he was full sore afraid of the Gyant, who had then in his hand a great Tree which he manag'd with as much dexterity, as if it had been a Ferula; Sir Gyant, quoth he, I do deny that ere I advised any Person to break the Preceptors neck, How quoth the Gyant, can you deny what is already proved to your face? Then answer'd the young Sorcerer I am not rightly understood, for I perswaded them not to break the substantial neck of the Preceptor, but the invisible neck

of

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of his pride. Then quoth the Gyant, Oh Warlet! have thou such fine excuses so early for thy mischief? but they shall stand thee in little stead. Then the Gyant caused his breeches to be taken down, and his shirt to be taken up, and with his Tree so nimble bestirred himself, and laid such vehement blows upon his flesh, that they seemed to shake the Earth. There quoth the Gyant, take the deserved reward of thy treasons, and be gone from hence thou wicked and destructive vermine, for I will no more endure thee, since I have now broken thy charms where-with thou didst intend to have enchanted my Castle.

CHAP. VI.

How he was sent into *Nova Anglia*, and how he prevailed there also by his Sorceries, how he was thrust out again by the people of that place, and what the Seer *Cotton* said to him at his departure.

After that the Gyant of the Kings School had thus expelled him, he betook himself to the Court, but because he could be pleas'd with nothing, he also took very great distast at the government of the king who then reigned in Britain. Wherefore he began to give his enchanted Cup about, and many drank thereof and were poysoned so that there appeared great signs of future contentions and confusions among those of the Court who were the Kings subjects by reason of his coming thither, which when his father saw, he greatly feared the inconveniences which might arise from the sorceries of his Son, wherefore he contrived how he might send him out of the Land. Wherefore he devised with the King that he might be sent away unto *Nova Anglia* as Governour of that place; Now so it was that at that time the people of that Countrey, as most people that are but newly seized in
their

their possessions lived in great peace and quiet, and served the God of their Country with exceeding unity, but no sooner was Sir Vane come thither, but he caused a wonderfull alteration of affaires among the people. He had delibred into his hands all the chief Castles of the Countrey, so that he commanded with a very great controule; Then said Sir Vane unto the people of the Land, is it fit that yee should maintain a company of idle persons here only for talking unto you in your Temples once a week; are not yee your selves able to do as much: yea and more if you would set your selves thereunto, why should you then part with such a considerable share of the sweate of your browes, and that upon so triviall a score; When the people examin'd these things, they seemed very plausible at first, whereupon some of them deny'd to pay the Priest his due, others drew away the people from their Priests, and instructed them in the fields, and their private Houses, having the Temples in great contempt and derision, which when the Priests perceived, they were greatly displeased, and cursed the people, then the people cursed them, so that in a short while their private animosities brake forth into publick rage one against the other. When the Elders of the Land saw the confusion which was likely to happen, they resolved to remove the cause of their mischief; therefore they went to Sir Vane and sharply rebuking him, bid him prepare to be gone out of their Countrey, for that they had provided a Ship, & a Coach to carry him to the sea. Sir Vane who was an errant Colward, durst not deny them, so they plac'd him in a Cart, causing him to sit down on an old Trunck on that part which is over the Horse; after this said the Elders unto the people, this is he that hath caused all this mischief among us; When the people follow'd him, hooping and hollowing, not ceasing to throw dirt and stones at him till he was got into the Ship; The Seer Cotton seeing him departed said unto the people, let us now return with joy that this Asper hath left us, for

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he is the bane of Nations, nor can any greater unhappiness befall a Land than for him to set his foot there. When with tears in his eyes he cryed out Oh England, England, better is it that that Ship should perish with the Waster, and all the Mariners, then that that young Man whom thou dost breed should return unto thee again.

CHAP. VII.

How Sir Vane was honoured by the Priest of the Temple of *Blind Zeal*, and how he was by the said Priest anointed Knight of the Order of the most *mysterious Allegories*.

AFTER this it came to passe that when the Priest of the Temple of *Blind Zeal* heard of the great fame of Sir Vane, and of the opinions which he held, he thought the time long till he could come to interparley with him. For said he to himself our Religion is built upon the bases of anarchy and confusion, to the establishing of which all the imaginations of this Mans brains do tend; Wherefore the Priest sent unto him two fellows that were shabby, whose Shoes were tyed with packthread, and in whose eyes Cuffs were as the abominations of the Heathen, who calling for the Man of the House, presented him with this Epistle.

The Priest of the Order of Blind Zeal, to the most mischievous of men Sir Vane, high in his imaginations, low in his deserts, and most imperious in his Council.

My Son,

HAVING lately heard of thy great virtues so agreeable with the Heresies which I professe, according to the dictates of that powerful Goddess whose chief Priest I am, I could not choose but send unto thee these two slovenly fellows

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fellows partly to confirme thee, and partly to scrape acquaintance with thee: I do find that thou dost imitate *Mahomet* very well, and dost indeavour to root up one Religion by letting in another to overpower it. Stay yet but a little while, and I will be with thee and help thee with my exhortations, in the mean time be kind unto those two whom I have sent unto thee, for the one is a Tinker, the other a Currier, but both great Deceivers. Farewell.

When Sir Vane had read this Epistle, he was then also covetous of the acquaintance of the High Priest, and immediately sent for him; when he was come, they discoursed together, and when they had so done, they were filled with joy at the sight of each other: For he talked unto the High Priest in most high and misterious Allegories, saying unto him that Magistacy was the Throne and Seat of the Beast. That the Rulers of the Earth must be brought at last to serve him and his faction: That his people are not to be subject to the Iudicials of Moies; That the new Creature is saith, which translates a Man out of the naturall into the spirituall body, and is called his new Creature state; That all Ministers that have the Father and the Son, need not run to the Majestate for maintenance. That all Ministers that upheld State Houses were the relicks of Popery; That the fall of Adam was only a type of the instability of fortune. That the Devill is the universall worldly spirit, exercising dominion and rule under various formes and administrations of government. That learning and Universities are of dangerous consequences in a well order'd government.

When the High Priest heard him speak these things he marvelled very much, and greatly praised him, for that quoth he, if these things were well taught, and well belov'd, they would doubtlesse destroy the religion of the Christians, who are our most mortall enemies. When did

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the High Priest bow unto Sir Vane saying to him, Thou art in power, and as thou endeavourest to doe our work so is it fit that thou shouldst receive honour from us. His true quoth he, thou art a Knight after the order of the Christians, but throw it off, for it will be very injurious unto thee; and take from me a title which shall be more beneficiall, and comfort thy self in this that then thou shalt be a better Knight then any in the World. Then did the High Priest aske him whether he could fight or no. To which Sir Vane reply'd that he never could nor never would fight. The High Priest was right glad of this, for that he could now performe the office himself by anointing, whereas otherwisse he must have been forc'd to have sent for a Warriour on purpose to have dub'd him. Thus the High Priest took leave for the time, telling him that in three days he would returne; desiring him in that space to prepare himselfe for the honour he was to receive. He was to eat nothing but emblematicall dyet, as round cabages which seeme to resemble the Earth, and its destruction by fire, in that they are to be boyl'd before they can be eaten. He was likewise to feed upon Swines flesh because a Hog was the embleme of ingratitude: he might likewise feed upon Horse flesh, because the Bible spake much of them, and that eating them out of the way was the only means to keep Men from not putting their trust in them; He might drinke bottled Claret by reason of its emblematicall life and quickness, and he might likewise take Tobacco if his Pipe had this motto on it, Evanesce ut funus; but he was forbid to drinke Greek Wine because that the Christians us'd it at their Communtions.

In the mean while the High Priest, being loath to defile so great a solemnity with any oyle that had been unhallow'd by the touch of the Christians, sent two of his Disciples to cut off a great peice of a certaine Whale which was kill'd a little before in the River of Thamesis, which accident they attributed to the kind provision of the
 Goddes

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Goddeſs blind Zeal, thereof to make a ſacred oyle of their own, and which they pray'd the Goddeſs blind Zeal to allow of for their purpoſe ; This done, after the end of three dayes the High Prieſt return'd to Sir Vane, whom he firſt queſtion'd concerning the performance of what he had commanded, who whether he had done it or no, ſo well diſſembled his paſt obedience that the High Prieſt oft times gave credit unto his ſaying ; Then the High Prieſt proceeding, it is now Sir Vane quoth he, that I muſt cauſe thee to kneel, that others after this may be bound to kneel to thee ; To which when Sir Vane had yielded, he poured the Elyne Oyle upon his locks, bidding him then to riſe up Sir Vane, Knight of the Order of the moſt myſterious Allegories. Then giving him ſome few inſtructions, as that he ſhould be zealous in carrying on the great work of building up Babel, which the God of the Chriſtians had for ſo long time hindred from being finiſh'd, and that he ſhould ſeek nothing but the advancement of confuſion and Atheiſme, moſt ſolemnly he took his leave of Sir Vane, and retired into his Temple which was ſituate in that part of the Metropolis of Britain call'd Colemanſtreer,

CHAP. VIII.

How Sir *Lambert* Knight of the Golden Tulep, and Sir *Vane* Knight of the moſt myſterious Allegories, made a League together.

TH E honour done to Sir Vane being greatly noiſed abroad, and his dexterity in miſchiefe being very well known, Sir *Lambert* thinking him a fit inſtrument for the effecting his deſign, came to him and exceedingly deſired his aſſiſtance, When ſaid Sir Vane unto the Knight of the Golden Tulep, I am right glad to ſee ſo good a

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Knight at my Castle. Know then Sir Lambert that I have always had you a very great love, neither is there any Knight in Brittain whom I honour like unto your self, I know right well that thou dost far exceed in feats of Armes, and that I am right crafter in counsell; wherefore then should we suffer the Meek Knight to be chief Soldan over us, who is not at all like unto thee for Chivalry? Why do we not revenge on him the injuries done us by his Father? When Sir Lambert heard this, he wared greatly in wrath with the Meek Knight, and sware by his sturdy Steed Snorter, that he would not cease till he had pulled the Soldan out of his Palace by the ears, so that he might have the advice of the Knight of the most mysterious Allegories. When Sir Vane promised to assist Sir Lambert all that he might, on condition that he should be the next in dignity to him when he was chief Soldan. When Sir Lambert swore unto Sir Vane by all the soules of his Ancestors that so it should be; And moreover quoth Sir Lambert, in token of this friendship between us, I freely give the fair Maid of Wimbleton my Daughter unto thy eldest Son so well known by the name of the overgrown Child; and know right well Sir Vane that she is a right comely Dame, and one for whom many a sturdy Knight then he would be content to try the sharpnesse of their blood-thirsty lances. She shall have for her Dowry my Palace of Wimbleton, once the Dowry of a Queen, and if my sword fail me not I may chance to make her chief Soldaness of Brittain. When Sir Vane heard this he looked full joyfully upon Sir Lambert; Then they clipped and hugged one another, and sware to be as true to one anothers interest, as the Cripples of the Forrest of Covent Garden are to one another in concealing the Rogueries which they commit.

CHAP. IX.

How the Knight of the *Golden Tulep*, and the Knight of the *mysterious Allegories* came to the Castle of Sir *Fleetwood* the contemptible Knight, where they met with the grim Gyant *Desborough*, and how they went all three and pulled the *Meek Knight* who was then cheif Soldan out of his Palace by night.

SIR Lambert seeing now fortune begin again to cast her wonted smiles upon him, resolv'd to make use of her while she was in a good humour, wherefore he shew'd great willingness to Sir Vane to goe on in his intended designe. Then said Sir Vane, why should our delay be any hindzance unto us, Let us incontinently goe unto Sir Fleetwood the contemptible Knight, who hath great power over the Soldans Forces, I know right well that I can with ease cause him to doe whate ever I list, for that his understanding is exceeding shallow, and we will make him to beleive that he shall be cheif Soldan, on condition that he will help us for to depose the Meek Knight. Sir Lambert was right glad of this advice, so they rode on toward the Forrest of Saint Iames, near unto which stood the Castle of the contemptible Knight. They were no sooner come to the Gate, but they were conducted by gentle Stamford, (who was cheif Squire to Sir Fleetwood,) up unto his Masters lodging. Then said Sir Vane unto the Contemptible Knight, rouse up thy self thou Man of courage, and let us not be in bondage unto the Meek Knight, who is young and hath not understanding and wisdom sufficient for so great an employment. Hast thou not been in all the Soldans Warres? Think then how treacherously the Soldan has dealt with thee, in preferring the Meek Knight his Son before thee. 'Tis true then answer

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red Sir Fleetwood, that it is the desire of my heart to make my self chief Soldan, but there are so many valious Knights that will oppose me, that I feare much to undertake the enterpryse. Then said sir Lambert I know right well sir Fleetwood, that without force we can little abasse, but of that I make no question, knowing the great honour and reuerence which the Host of the Soldan beareth to me. Moreover I have told many of them that which I intend, and they are resolved with me to live and dye. Then said sir Fleetwood right cunningly, Since that you sir Lambert can prevaill so much by your own power, let not me interpose my weak force to injure the fame of so worthy a Knight. But sir Lambert who was as cunning as he, reply'd that he would not adventure without him, that as he was chief in power he should be chief in the undertaking. Alas sir Fleetwood quoth the Knight of the Golden Tulep, think you that I am arriv'd here to rob so hardy a Knight as you are of your prize; No sir Fleetwood for I only come at the request of the good Knight sir Vane to proffer my assistance, which if you shall not thinke fit to receive, I am ready to retire, for that there be other Fortresses and Castles to seek adventures in besides those which are in this Countrey. Sir Fleetwood was right glad of what Sir Lambert said, so that according to his custome he wept for joy, not thinking that the Knight of the Golden Tulep had spoken treacherously. As they were thus parting together in came the grim Giant Desborough, who lived in the Forrest of Saint Iames that was close by. With your leave Sir Knights quoth he, I am come here to visit my Brother the Contemptible Knight, and I hope that does not offend yee. If yee thinke your selves affronted, and that any of yee be so hardy as to dare fight in defence of the meek Knight, I doe here openly challenge him the combate, for that I doe abominably hate the Meek Knight and all his adherents; Then answered sir Lambert and sir Vane, that they were as mortall enemies to the
Soldan

Soldane as he was, and therefore they desired the Gyant not to think amisse of them. Say you so quoth the Gyant Desborough, then you say well, else had I crush'd yeto péeces in my surp, like rotten apples; then proceeding, quoth he, what shall we do with this proud Peacock who hath raised himself to be a Soldane over us? Is it fit that the Uakle should be govern'd by the Phephen? Sir Vane willing all he could to incense the Gyant to anger; told him that it was an allegoꝝy of the Woꝛlds confusion, when Childꝛen rule their Parents. Upon that the Gyant Desborough stamped so hard upon the floꝛe, that you might have heard it a mile off, and swoꝛe by all his Countꝛy Gods, that his Phephen the Meek Knight should no longer live, if he refus'd to resign his Soldanship; the woꝛds were no sooner out of his mouth, but he drawes out a whole Canon out of his pocket, charg'd with a brace of Bullets, each weighing twenty pound, and cocking the same, commanded the Contemptible Knight, with the Knight of the Golden Tulep, to follow him. It was now night, and pale Cinthia had withdrawn her light from the Woꝛld, unwilling to behold the treacherous actions of mortals; when they began their journey toward the Palace of the Soldane, they rode hard, and being soon arriv'd there, they went directly to the Soldans lodging, so; that the Soldans janissaries being before corrupted, gave them free access. Then said the Gyant to the Soldane, proud Peacock thinkest thou to pearch over thy betters any longer? resign thy power, thy Scepter, and thy Royal Robes, and dissolbe thy Council that thou keepest to plot against us, or I will take thee such a blow on the pate, that I will make thy head ring non, and send thee to the infernal shades, there to make vain complaints to Pluto of thy misfortunes, with that the Gyant Desborough heaved up his weighty Instrument of death, on purpose to have given him such a blow as should have rent the foundations of his noddle; The Meek Knight was aston'ed at the sight, and stood so:

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a while as one that were dumb, but seeing the danger that his byains were in, he fell on his knees before the Gyant Desborough, beseeching him in gentle courtesie to distressed Knights, that he would spare his life, and he would submit to whatever the Gyant should command; Hereupon they disrob'd him of his apparell, and attired him in simple and base array, his armes that were lately employ'd to wield the mighty Scepter, they now strongly fetter'd up in Iron bolts, and so conveyed him to a desolate Dungeon, which belonged unto his own Palace, where he had nothing to do but to make these sad Lamentations,

O cruel destinies, why is this grievous punishment allotted to my penance; have I conspired against the Majesty of Heaven, that they have thron'd this vengeance on my head, shall I never recover my former liberty, that I may be revenged one way or other upon the causers of my imprisonment; May the Plagues of Pharaoh light up on their Counties, and the miseries of Oedipus on their Tenants, that they may be eye witnesses of their daughters ravishment, and behold their Mansion houses flaming like the burning battlements of Troy. Thus lamented he the losse of his liberty, accursing his birth day, and the hour of his creation; his sighs exceeded the number of the Ocean sands, and his tears the Water-bubbles in a rainy day, in which condition we shall leave him, and go to talk of something else.

CHAP. X.

How Sir Vane's Son *Icaped* (the overgrown Child) courted the fair Maid of *Wimbleton*, and of the gown which she bespoke, and how 5000. Jewellers wrought day and night to finish it.

Let us now to speak of the Meek Knight, and return we to relate what happen'd between the Son

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of Sir Vane, Icleped the overgrown Childe, and the fair
 Maid of Wimbleton, whom partly in pursuance of his
 Fathers commands, partly out of an eager desire he had
 to be doing, he did very hotly pursue in the way of love,
 and so forth. Sir Vane was very glad of the match, hoping
 thereby that after the death of the Knight of the Golden
 Tulep, his Son might come to be chiefe Soldane; And
 Sir Lambert lik'd it, knowing that well he could not come
 to be Soldane himself without his friendship and assistance;
 which he had no other way to make sure to himself but
 by so near an alliance between their families. Therefore
 when the overgrown Childe had dressed himself as fine as
 any sippence, he called straightway for his Fathers Cha-
 riot, and bid the Charioter drive unto the Palace of Sir
 Lambert: When he came unto the Gate, the Porter oft-
 somes opened the Gate, that he might have entrance;
 Then was he straightway beheld by one of the Pages to
 the Fair Maid, who with great reverence met him and con-
 ducted him to the chamber where his Lady did repose her
 self; When the overgrown Childe came into the room,
 he was exceedingly amazed to behold the beauty of his Mi-
 strisse, so that he remained dumb for a great space. While
 he stood in this posture, his backside being asham'd that his
 mouth should be so silent, open'd it self, and with one
 single monosyllable did so alarm the company, that it is
 thought that the fair Maid of Wimbleton would have been
 very angry had he come only as an ordinary Suitoꝝ. Some
 say the overgrown Childe, did this unawares, but others
 more probably affirm, that he had a double end in it, either
 because he saw himself in such an amaze, to make his Mi-
 strisse amaz'd at him as well as he was at her, or else hope-
 ing that the good nature of his Lady might cause her to
 blush for his miscarriage, whereby he might have an op-
 portunity to see the full blown roses of her cheeks; but as
 soon as he was recover'd of his extasse, he began to be-
 think himself of saying something that might be accep-

table unto the fair Lady, whom he so admired; Most divine and peerlesse Paragon, quoth he, Thou only wonder of the World for beauty, and excellent parts of nature, know that thy two twinkling eyes that shine more bright then the stars of Heaven, being the true darts of love, have pierced my heart, and those thy crimson cheeks as lovely as Aurora's countenance have wounded me with love. Therefore except thou grant me kind comfort, I am like to spend the rest of my dayes in sorrow, care and discontent. To this the Fair Maid of Wimbleton reply'd, that she return'd him many thanks for the courteous proffer of his affection. Gentle Sir, quoth she, seeing that it is the will of my Father, that we two should lye together in one bed, let not his will be resisted, but let us enjoy one another as soon as we can, for often hath my Nurse spoken proverbially unto me, saying, Happy is that wooing, which is not long a doing. When it was known that the two parties had got one the others affection, the Bonfires blaze, the Bells rang, and Sir Lambert and Sir Vane were both drunk that night for joy. Then were there great preparations for the solemnization of these most Royal Nuptials, but that which surpassed all, was the Colon in which she was to appear when she was to goe unto the Temple; indeed so great was the rarity of it, that it requires a golden Pen to write it, and a tongue washt in the conservatives of the Pules honey, to declare it; for it was to be made of Diamonds, set in Rings of Barbary Gold. The toyle was great, so that it required a multitude of Artificers to accomplish the same; therefore they sought far and near for Men of Art, and in a short space they got together to the number of five thousand, who wrought day and night in their severall employments to carry on the great work. These Diamonds were all enchanted by Magick Art, and the vertues of them were so pretious, that it is almost incredible to report: For therein one might behold the secret mysteries of all the liberal Sciences, and by art discover what was practised

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practised in the Courts of other Princes; If any Hill within a thousand miles of the place were enriched with a mine of Gold, they would describe the place and Country, and how deep it lay closed in the Earth. By them you might truly calculate upon the birth of Children, succession of Princes, and the continuance of Commonwealths, with many other excellent virtues, which I omit for this time.

CHAP. XI.

How Sir Lambert went to fight against the Christians in the Land of *Cheshire*, how he overthrew them, and of the challenge that was sent him by the Swissheard of *Maxfield*.

SIR Lambert and the Count Desborough having as we said before, divested the Soldane of his power, and cast him into Prison, they set up in his stead forty Tyrants to govern in his room, untill Sir Lambert could come to be Soldane himself; For you must know that all the Paynims that were in armes, were under the command of Sir Lambert. Now these forty Tyrants being in power, for they were Paynims also, tyranniz'd over the Christians in most grievous wise; So that when the Christians could no longer endure the sad and heavy oppressions of the Paynims, which were indeed more lamentable then tongue can expresse, they were resolved to be avenged of the Paynims, and to rise up in armes against them. For you are to understand, that the Christians had a King of their own, a just and mild Prince, whose right it was to rule over them; but the Paynims having overthrow him in battell, forc'd him to quit his lawfull inheritance, and to fly out of his Kingdom. But when the Christians groan'd under the heynous cruelties of the Paynims, then they bethought themselves again of recalling their King, and of freeing themselves

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themselves from the power of the Paynims; Then did the Christians assemble together in many places of the Realm of Britain, forming themselves into Bands and Troopes in most Soldier-like fashion, but no where did they rise in so great numbers as they did in the famous Country of Wales, and the Forrests of Chester; This so alarm'd the forty panim Tyrants, that they forthwith sent Sir Lambert with a very great Army against them. When Sir Lambert drew neer unto them, he encamped his whole Army exceeding strongly. But when the Christians saw how neer the Army of Sir Lambert was unto them, and how weak they were, by reason that they were disappointed of those succours that were promised them, they were sore afraid, for that their number was but small, and besides this, they were most of them young Men, that never had practis'd feates of armes before. The Paladine of Chester saw right well in what an ill plight his Troopes were; wherefore he had no mind to have fought with Sir Lambert at that time: for that Sir Lambert's Forces were all men appoyed in War, right hardy and courageous, and exceeding many more in number. Sir Lambert well knowing the advantage he had in his numerous Pagans, marched towards the Christians, who were encamped beyond the Dangerous Bridge, with great fury, with an intention for to give them an immediate assault, and force them from the Dangerous Bridge; whereupon the Christians were in great doubt whether they should resist the Pagans, or return again every one to his own home: when loe, upstod the Swinheard of Maxfield, otherwile call'd the namelesse Knight, and utter'd his mind in these words, My most dearly beloved Countrymen, quoth he, the badnesse of our present condition right well I understand, and how basely we are betrayd through the vile enchantments of *Scoto* the Necromancer; However I question not but to break all his charms, whereby we may be free from the fury of those cursed Pagans that seek nothing but our ruine. When the Paladine heard

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heard this, he bad him take his course. Then the Swinheard of Maxfield mounted himself on a Courser, and by his trusty Squire sent him this defiance, himself staying under a Tree to receive his answer.

The Swinheard of Maxfield to Sir Lambert Knight of the Golden Tulep.

Sir Lambert, I have heard ere now of thy valour, but know that I fear thee no more then the Lyon feareth the timorous Hare ; I am resolved therefore to meet thee at the head of all thy Troopes, there to try the force of thy Sword, nor do thou disdain to accept the challenge of a Swinheard, who may chance to prove as good a Knight as thy self ; When Sir Lambert read the challenge, he said no more to the Squire, but only bad him to take notice of the colour of his Horse, and of his Burgonet. Then the Squire rode away, and Sir Lambert press'd forward toward the Dangerous Bridge, to encounter the Christians ; Then there began a sharp conflict betwixt the Christians and the Panims, wherein for a while the Christians behaved themselves with great confidence and prowess. For the Swinheard beholding the Horse and Burgonet that his Squire had describ'd unto him, with great courage spurr'd on his faithfull Steed, (which was a most remarkable one, for that it was a Horse that had but lately belong'd to the Knight of th' enchanted Mill) and without giving him the least notice of that he intended, he struck him so terrible a blow upon the visor of his Helmet, that with the fury thereof, he made sparkles of fire to issue out in great abundance, and forc'd him to bow his head unto his breast ; but Sir Lambert soon return'd unto him his salutation, and struck the Swinheard such a desperate blow on the top of the Helmet, that the great noise thereof made a sound in all the mountaines, and so began betwixen them a most marvellous and fearfull battel ; for now Sir Lambert
and

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And the Swinheard, thought no other thing but how to overthrow each other, striking each at other such terrible blows, as many times it made either of them senseless, and both seeing the force of one another, were marvellously incensed with anger. At length the Swinheard gave Sir Lambert such a terrible blow, that if it had hit right upon him, it would have cloven his head in pieces, but with great discretion Sir Lambert cleared himself thereof, so that it was stricken in vain, so that with great lightness he retired and struck the Swinheard so furiously, that he fell quite astonished to the Earth, without any feeling, then might you soon perceive by the abundance of blood that issued out of his mouth, and through the visor of his Helmet that the Swinheard was now ready to breathe his last. Sir Lambert having thus overthrowen the Swinheard, with great eagerness pursued the Christians, who being overpowered by the numbers of the Pagans, thought it safer to commit themselves to the protection of by-paths, and wayes unknown to the enemy, rather then to yield to the cruelty of the merciless Pagans. When Sir Lambert had obtained this victory, he caus'd it to be spread far and near, making it ten times as great as indeed it was, and he wrote unto the forty Tyrants, to give them notice thereof, who thereupon honour'd him as a God, and sent him presents of gold, and precious stones; but he cared not for the forty Tyrants, nor for their presents neither, but gave them unto his Souldiers, who admired him for his courtesie; for he thought that because he had overcome this small handfull of the Christians, that he was now able to overcome all the World; However as then he held fair correspondence with the forty Tyrants, because he was at a far distance for them, and for that he could not do any thing farther, till he had consulted with Sir Vane, how far he might presume upon his new successe.

CHAP. XII.

How Sir *Lambert* returned to the good City of *London*, and of the Feast which Sir *Vane* made him, and how they consulted to put down the forty Tyrents.

After this battell sir *Lambert* returned with great joy and triumph to the good City of *London*, where he was expected with much earnestnesse by sir *Vane* the Gyant Desborough, and sir *Fleetwood* the Contemptible Knight. When sir *Vane* heard that sir *Lambert* was returning, he was right glad, and resolved forthwith to goe and meet him, and conduct him to the City. Eftsoones therfore he called his dwarfe to bring him his palfrey, and being mounted, he took on his journey. He was clad in a flame coloured suit of *spapost* an silk, which was partly emblematical; partly for instruction; emblematical in regard it signified his zeal to what he undertook; and as to instruction, it shew'd us, that though the silk came from *Naples*, an abominable and sinful City, yet that a *Span* was never the worse for wearing it, so that he did it upon an enigmaticall scope. His hat was likewise of a strange fashion, for behind it hung down on his back with a long flappet to keep off the rain; but before it had no brim at all to shew that a *Span* ought to put away all things that hinder him from looking toward the heavens. On his shield was plaur'd fortune standing on a Rock with this inscription underneath, She is thus mine; In this mysterious garb he came into the *Forest of Barnet*, where when he saw sir *Lambert*, he alighted from his Palfrey, and sir *Lambert* did the like, and then they embraced one another most lovingly, saith sir *Vane*, I am right glad sir *Lambert* of this your safe and happy return, and for the great victory which you have won, whereby you

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are now esteem'd one of the most worthy *Champions* of Europe, and right well I know that you have done your part, and that now it remaineth for me to doe mine, therefore let us proceed on our journey, and if I doe not play the Fox as well as you have playd the Lyon, let me be deprived of my Knighthood, which I hold the greatest honour which I have in the World. For you must know, that although sir Lambert were indeed as right cunning a Knave as Sir Vane, yet in counsell sir Vane would never give him the superiority, though at knocks he alwayes let him goe before him. Sir Lambert submitted with all gentlenesse unto the speech of sir Vane, and so they came together unto the good City of London; When they pass'd through the Town, the people of the City were all very sad, and in great perplexity, for they cared not at all for sir Lambert, nor for his successe, but wished with all their hearts that he had been slain by the Swinheard o' Maxfield. But they on the other side who had no reason to be in such heavy plight, made great joytings among themselves, feasting and banquetting one another in most ample manner; but the banquet which sir Vane made exceeded all the rest, not so much for the riches, as for the strangenesse thereof, for he made use not only of the meates and drinkes of the Christians, but of those also of the Heathen, as Pillaw, and Sherber, intimating thereby, that as he made use of all sorts o' dyet to sustain nature, so sir Lambert ought to make use of all sorts of interestes to make himself great. When they had ended their feasting, sir Vane and sir Lambert retired into a private roome, there to take counsell concerning their affaires. Sir Lambert disclosed then unto sir Vane all that was hidde in his brest, of his desire to make himself Soldan, and his intention to put down the Forty Tyrants; but withall he discover'd his feare to attempt such an enterprize which would be so dangerous if not accomplish'd. But sir Vane, who out of his cowardly nature lov'd to keep himself out of all perill, but cared not

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not upon what dangers he put others, reply'd, 'That
'sir Lambert had no cause at all to be timorous, for that
'the forty Tyrants were ill belov'd of the people, and he
'well belov'd of all the old Soldans Host. That the
'Giant Desborough, and sir Fleetwood the Contemp-
tible Knight, were sure to him. To which sir Lambert
answer'd, That 'twas true that he thought he could with
much ease put down the forty Tyrants, but what must we
do then? cries he; To which sir Vane reply'd, Leave
that to me, I have a Plot in my head; and the more to en-
courage sir Lambert, he repeated to him a certain Pro-
phesy, the which ran in these words.

The Prophecy.

When the dead shall awake to join themselves with
the living, then shall valour be at her height and beauty
in the supremest point of her glory.

'This prophecy, know right well sir Lambert, so said
'sir Vane, can concern no Person living but thy self, as
'I shall show thee by the easy exposition thereof, which
'flows without any force from the words.

When the dead shall come to join themselves with
the living, that is, when we who in the time of the Soldan
were dead as to the affairs of this World, shall come to
join our selves with the living, that is, with the Giant
Desborough, and sir Fleetwood, who were in great au-
thority while the Soldan was in being, then shall valour
be at her height, that is then shall your self who are right
valourous be Soldan, and beauty be in the supremest
point of her glory; as much as to say, your passing beau-
tiful Lady shall be Soldanesse. When sir Lambert heard
this, he took up a new resolution, and resolv'd to benter
what ere come of it. Then said sir Lambert to the Knight
of the Mysterious Allegories, Sir Vane thy wisdom is
to be extolled, and thy words to be priz'd above fine Gold.

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Wherefore let us as soon as we have smoked out our pipes go and talk with Sir Fleetwood, and my cousin the Count Desborough concerning it; for it they but join with us, I'll go presently about my work.

CHAP. XIII.

How don *Hazlerigo* the Knight with the hot head, being one of the forty Tyrants, suspected the intention of Sir *Lambert*, and how he would have had *Scoto* the *egromancer* have enchanted him, and put him into his Castle at *Lambeth*, and how he cuff his Dwarf for playing at Span-Farthing.

SIR Lambert being now full of hopes, and greatly swelled with the prophesy which Sir Vane had told him of, he began now to be very active in the prosecution of his design; But when he saw that the two Counts *Telepe*, *Creed* and *Berry* were come to join with him, and that Sir *Lilburn* the degraded Viceroy was also come in unto his party, he forthwith resolved by the advice of Sir Vane to make known some of his desires to the Forty Tyrants. When the forty Tyrants read them, they liked them not at all, but were highly provoked, especially Don *Hazlerigo*, the Knight with the hot head, who being the most passionate Person in the World, fell into such a rage, that many of the forty Tyrants themselves, though they knew his kindness to them, did greatly tremble thereat. Quoth he, how dares this *Princok* thus presume; am I not I the wisest, and the most valarous Knight that ever Oceana brought forth, how happeneth it then that the gods permit this contest between us? Have they no Thunderbolts to lend me that I may nail this bo'd audacious Traitor to the Earth, When turning to the forty Tyrants, am not I above y^e all, quoth he, why doe y^e

ſee then not do what I command. Let there be a great
 Caldron fetch'd and let this preſumptuous Tyrant be
 boyl'd therein, and when he is boyl'd, he is boyl'd, and
 there ſhall be an end of him. Whereupon one of the forty
 Tyrants ſaid that Don Hazlerigo had ſpoken like a right
 worthy Cavalier; and if all men were of his mind there
 want'd nothing but a Caldron. Don Hazlerigo reply'd,
 that he had one at whom wherein his ſervants did boyl
 foule cloathes, and Ten Libers for his meaner Servants,
 and thereupon he called his Dwarf to ſet it; but the
 Dwarf not anſwering to the call, Don Hazlerigo in great
 fury went forth to ſeek him. Oh the ſad diſaſtrous fate of
 the unfortunate Dwarf. For Don Hazlerigo no ſooner
 ſought for him, but he beheld him playing at Span-ſarth-
 ing in the Ward belonging to the Palace of Weſtmonaſte-
 rium, Dare you there, quoth Don Hazlerigo in great de-
 ſpite, I'll be with you eſtſoones. He was no ſooner neere
 him, but he reach'd the Dwarf ſuch a cuff on the ear
 that you might have heard the blow croſſe the River of
 Thames; unto the Temple of Saint Maryovers, crying
 out in great rage, fetch me the huge Caldron, ſirha: the
 Dwarf who neither knew the meaning of his words nor
 of his blowes, was in a great amaze, but at length recol-
 lecting himſelf quoth he, am not I as good a Squire as
 he that belonged unto the Baron of Stamfordia, yet he
 be at the famous Don Hazlerigo. Why may not I? With
 that he laid his truncheon on the breaſt of Don Hazlerigo,
 with ſuch a force that he was ſcarce able to keep himſelf
 from falling backward. Don Hazlerigo having thus miſs'd
 of the Caldron, returns again with as much haſte as he
 could (for the Dwarf had purſu'd him) unto the forty
 Tyrants, with whom he ſaw it was much ſafer to contend
 then with his Dwarf. He ſum'd, and they ſcar'd he
 foamed, and they were aſtoniſh'd he could not ſpeak for
 anger, neither durſt they ſpeak to him ſeeing him ſo angry.
 Yet they could not chooſe but ask him where the Caldron

Don IVAN LAMBERTO.

Therefore let us as soon as we have smacked out our pipes go and talk with Sir Fleecwood, and my cousin the Count Desherough concerning it; for if they but join with us, I'll go presently about my work.

CHAP. XIII.

How don *Hiclerigo* the Knight with the hot head, being one of the forty Tyrants, suspected the intencion of sir *Lambert*, and how he would have had *Scoto* the *egromancer* have enchanted him, and put him into his Castle at *Park-betho*, and how he cuse his Dwarf for playing at Span-Fa-thing.

SIR Lambert being now full of hopes, and greatly sweetened with the prophesy which Sir Vane had told him of, he began now to be very active in the prosecution of his design; But when he saw that the two Counts *Jelexen*, *Creed* and *Berry* were come to join with him, and that sir *Lilburn* the degraded Viceroy was also come in unto his party, he esteemes resolved by the advice of sir Vane to make known some of his designs to the Forty Tyrants. When the forty Tyrants read their part they liked them not at all, but were highly provoked; especially Don *Hiclerigo*, the Knight with the hot head, who being the most passionate Person in the *Uolpin*, fell into such a rage, that many of the forty Tyrants themselves, though they knew his kindness to them, did greatly tremble thereat. Anoth he, how darest thou presume thus to presume; am not I the wisest, and the most valiant Knight that ever *Oceana* brought forth, how happeneth it then that thou shouldst permit this contest between us? Have they no Thunderbolts to lend me that I may nail this bold ambitious *Legator* to the Earth, When turning to the forty Tyrants, am not I above ye all, anoth he, why doe

re: then not do what I command, Let there be a great
 Calozon fetch'd and let this presumptuous Chaptol be
 boyled in rein, and when he is boy'd, he is boy'd, and
 there will be an end of him. Whereupon one of the forty
 Tyrants said that Don Hazlerigo had spoken like a right
 worthy Cavalier; and if all men were of his mind there
 want'd nothing but a Calozon. Don Hazlerigo reply'd,
 that he had one at whom wherein his samuels his boyl
 soule cloathes, and he Libers for his meaner Servants,
 and thereupon he called his Dwarfes to fetch it: but the
 Dwarfes not answering to the call Don Hazlerigo in great
 fury went forth to seek him. On the sad disastrous fate of
 the unfortunate Dwarfes. For Don Hazlerigo no sooner
 sought for him, but he beheld him playing at Squash-
 in g in the Ward belonging to the Palace of Westmonas-
 terium. Where you there, quoth Don Hazlerigo in great de-
 spite, I'll be with you ere long. He was no sooner neere
 him, but he reack'd the Dwarfes such a cuff on the ear
 that you might have heard the blow cross the River of
 Thames: unto the Temple of Saint Maryover, crying
 out in great rage, fetch me the huge Calozon, Sirrah: the
 Dwarfes who neither knew the meaning of his words, nor
 of his blowes, was in a great sweat, but at length recol-
 lecting himself, quoth he, am not I as good a Squire as
 he that belongs unto the Baron of Stamford? yet he
 be at the famous Don Hazlerigo, why may not I? with
 that he laid his truncheon on the brest of Don Hazlerigo,
 with such a force that he was scarce able to keep himself
 from falling backward. Don Hazlerigo having thus mis'd
 of the Calozon, returnes again with as much haste as he
 could (for the Dwarfes had persw'd him) unto the forty
 Tyrants, with whom he said it was much safer to contend
 then with his Dwarfes. He sm'd, and they said he
 roamed, and they were astonish'd he could not speak for
 anger, neither durst they speak to him fearing him so angry,
 yet they could not choole but ask him where the Calozon
 was

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was, to waken after much stamping and starting, he reply'd
that he had found out another sort of punishment, in which he
esteem'd far better. When turning himself to Scoto the
Pegromancer, he thus rebell'd him. Where are all thy
charmes now? Scoto, have all thy spirits forsaken
thee, hast thou now no power over the great Belzebub,
who is also I call'd Lucifer, to what end hast thou thy
enchanted Castle at Lambetho, if thou makest no use ther-
of; awake great Scoto from thy dreaming trance; and
raise a troop of infernall soulds to shelter thee from the
ruine that will else befall thee. When Scoto heard Don
Hazlerigo say thus, quoth he, Right valiant Knight, if
thou wilt bring sir Lambert unto me; that my charmes
may lay hold of him, I will put him in my Castle of Lam-
betho, from whence it shall be in the power of no Knight
to free him, but at present I cannot prevail, for that the
spirits which belong to Sir Vane the Sorcerer, are as
strong to defend him, as mine are to doe him annoyance,
Yet is there one way left, and that is for thee to take
with thee some three or four other Knights like thy self,
then must you be sure to lay hold on him at such a time
when he hath nothing on him but his shirt, for then he
shall not be able to resist the charmes which are laid upon
him, so that we shall have our wishes of him to doe what
we please with him. When Don Hazlerigo heard this,
he banish'd immediately from the forty Tyrants, telling
them what strange exploits he would doe ere he came
back.

CHAP. IX.

How sir Lambert put down the Forty Tyrants, and how he
and the Baron of Suffex jested together.

VVhen sir Lambert heard of the intention of Don
Hazlerigo, and the rest of the forty Tyrants, and

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of their cruel plot which was to have him souden to death, he was soze in wrath, and caused the musker rolls to be numbr'd of those that were resolved to stand by him, and when he saw himselfe strong enough to deale with the forty Tyrants, he went into the Chamber of Councell, where he found Sir Vane, the Count Desborough, Sir Berry the Knight of the Colepit, the Count Creed, the Contemptible Knight, and the Count Hufonius called also Polyphem, to whom he spake in these words,

Right worthy Champions,

YEE know right well that I am not apt to seek that by force which I could obtaine by fair means. How I am injured by the *forty Tyrants* you understand, neither am I ignorant how yee are all affronted for my sake, should I therefore now forsake you, I should be a greater Traytor to you my friends then to my selfe; but since it is so, I vow never to sleep in bed of down, nor to unbuckle my Shield from my weary armes till I have quelled your foes, and given you full power over your enemies.

These heroicall speeches were no soner finished, but the Champions arming themselves with approb'd Co'selets, and taking unto them their trusty swords, told him how ready they were to follow him in any undertaking.

Now had Aurora chas'd away the all to be spangled darkness, when lo sir Lambert, intending to do by the forty Tyrants as Aurora had done before by the black brow'd Night, assembles his forces together, and pitches his tent close by the palace of the forty Tyrants. But they having notice of his coming, musters their powers also together, and sent them against Sir Lambert under the command of a right valiant Knight call'd the Baron of Suffex, and now they stood opposite each to other within the reach of the dismall Gun; It was thought that these engines would have by and by breathed out their fury in flames of fire,

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fire, and have sent their chosen messengers to looke up the
 being of mortals, and man up the passages of life, but
 Sir Lambert, who was as valiant as he was thinking,
 and as cunning as he was valiant, and so either both val-
 ant and cunning, or else neither cunning nor valiant was
 loath to fight, for he feared the party which was for the
 lawful King of Brittain, least they while he was combat-
 ing against the forty Tyrants, should come and take the
 power from them both: wherefore he would not engage
 but sought all other means to suppress the forty Tyrants
 that he could. Now as he was riding about, he met the
 chief of the forty Tyrants, who was the Knight of the gile
 Mace, whom they had made Generall of the forces of Sir
 Lambert, coming to the assistance of the forty Tyrants, and
 all the way he came he cry'd to the Shoulders of Sir Lam-
 bert, that they should desert Sir Lambert, and yield obed-
 ience to him who was their chieftain. But Sir Lambert,
 notwithstanding that the Shoulders should hear with that care,
 lights off his Horse, takes up a great brickbat, and sing-
 it full at the head of the Knight of the Gile Mace,
 and but for the mercy of a kind fate, had dash'd out Sir
 Leofhal's brains, and then taking the Horses by their
 bysles, he thrust them, the chariot, and all that were in
 it quite out of the City of Westmonasterium, as you would
 to cast a rolling stone before you through a Bowling green.
 And were the Shoulders sale all this while, for what vol-
 lies they could not discharge out at their Gums, they dis-
 charg'd out at their mouths, calling one another Daggs,
 Rogues, and Sons of Whores; and that their hands
 might be in action likewise, they throw at one another
 hard granadoes, the which according to a new invention
 among Shoulders, were made of the tops of Turneps,
 bound together with a wither; while the two fierce Ar-
 mies stood looking so grimly each on the other. So the
 Perromancer was gotten privately into a high Tower
 built on the top of the west end of the Temple of Westmo-
 nasterium;

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after him, that when the combat did begin he might atill
the forces of the Baron of Suffex by his magick spels.

Now groweth he in the battall sorely begun, for me thinks
I heare the Baron of Suffex cry for help, now is the time
that my charming spels must work Sir Lambert's over-
throw; which being said, thrice he kiss'd the tower of the
said Tower, and thrice besprinkled the Circle with his
own blood, which with a silver razer he let out from his
left arme, and after that he began to speak in this manner.
Stand still ye wandring Lamps of heaven, move not
sweet Stars till Scoto's charmes be brought to full effect.
O thou great Demon, Prince of the damned Ghosts,
thou chiefe Commander of those ghastly shapes that right-
ly glide by misbelieving Travellers, even thou that help-
est a snake's scepter in thy hand sitting upon a Throne of
burning fire, even thou whose eyes are like Saffrons, and
whose hottest burning fire brands abroad like Tennis balls,
I charge thee to open the heauen gates, and send forth thy
Legions of infernall Soules, for that of them I now doe
stand in great need. Belzebub being so severely charg'd
took the paines not only to ascend to the Earth, but to goe
up also to the top of the Tower, to receive the commands
of Scoto the Peggomancer, who long'd for the encounter
that he might set him on work; But the Deuill having
staid till night, and seeing nothing for him to doe, was
so sorely enraged against Scoto, that he took him by the
Legs, intending to haue thrown him from the top of the
Tower, but afterwards bethinking with himselfe that he
should lose a good Seruant, and that he should spangle the
stoy, for that it was never heard in any Romance that
any Peggomancer was euer punish'd till some Knight had
ended his enchantments, he set Scoto on his legs, and in
great hurrying down to hell againe. For to tell ye the
truth there was no combat of note all that day, excepting
between the Baron of Suffex and Sir Lambert; for Sir Lam-
bert knowing that he was well belov'd by the souldiers

belonging to the Baron of Suffex, was resolv'd to goe and speak to them, thinking by faire speeches to win them to his side. When the Baron saw him, he was likewise resolv'd to hinder him, whereupon they prepared to the career, but they only brake their Lances in the first encounter; whereupon the Baron drew his sword, but Sir Lambert entreated him to stop once more; most willingly reply'd the Baron, then meeting together, Sir Lambert's Horse was almost slain, so the Horse that he rode on all that day was none of the best, and the Baron likewise lost his stirrups, being glad to catch hold by the maine of his Horse; Sir Lambert having more mind to be chiefe Soldier, then to be batt inadoed, seeing the Baron maintaine the fight so equally against him, took his leave, telling the Baron he should take another time to be quit with him. But the forty Tyrants seeing no hope of reliefe, and that they were unequall in power to Sir Lambert, were content to submit unto him, which they did accordingly, giving him possession of the Palace and of all that was therein, causing the Baron of Suffex to draw off his forces; which done, Sir Lambert went home with much glee and content, suppt quietly and lay with his Sultanesse in most pleasant wise.

CHAP. XV.

How Sir Lambert and Sir Vane being Pagans, went about to set up the worship of their Heathen Idols; and how they intended to have altered the Lawes and Government of Britain.

When Sir Lambert had thus by his power put down the forty Tyrants, Sir Vane & he doubted not now to carry all before them; therefore they fell into consideration how they might secure to themselves the chiefe power which they had got into their own hands as well as they

they could: Sir Vane was of an opinion, that seeing it was their intent to erect a new Empire, they ought to change the Religion of the Country, and to make a new one as was the humour as they could of these people whom they saw adhering to them upon the hopes of such an alteration, and already inclin'd to such a change as might well agree with their interest. First and foremost therefore, knowing that they must take all under what was already established, before they could put their own together, they resolv'd to abolish wholly the Religion of the Christians; for that it was so opposite to what they intended, that it was impossible for them to let the least title thereof remain. And because it is no hard matter to beware by other mens harmes, seeing that the too much pretending to knowledge among the vulgar Christians) it being dangerous for any person to have more knowledge than he is able to manage had been the cause of their confusion; they resolv'd to remove that error, and to take from the people all manner of diving into hidden things, to which end they had order'd that all Schooles of learning should be taken away, and so far they were from having any teachers among the people, that they order'd it should be death for any one to teach his children the primer; Yet because they knew that the act of a deity was very necessary, though never so simple and naturall, Sir Lambert being now chiefe Soldier caus'd a Proclamation to be made whereby the God of the Christians was depos'd and eight other deities erected in his room. Four of these deities were of the feminine gender and four of the newter; Of the female deities two were Latine Desidia, and Ignorantia, One Italian, La Porta del Papa Giovanna; and the fourth French, fontaine du diable; Of the male deities one was Latine, Summum Imperium. One Spanish, Puercos del Paradiſo; The third Italian, Cazzo nesculo; and the last of Scotch extraction call'd the Piper of Kilbarchen; and he further proclaim'd that his subjects should attribute

divine knowledge unto these, and that these only should be
 as the only and most supreme Gods powers over
 the Earth, as to future expectations Sir Vane took it all
 from Mahomet, changing little or nothing: Having thus
 settled religion, they proceeded to alter the civill govern-
 ment. Sir Lambert said that he did not like the lawes,
 and therefore would have new ones; but Sir Vane said it
 was altogether unnecessary as yet to have any at all, for
 that necessity would compell their party to be yet a while
 unanimous and loving one to another, and if the Christi-
 ans had any lawes to fly to, it would hinder their party for
 destroying those their enemies, which was to be done no
 other way but by giving their party leave to practice all
 manner of tyrannies and violencies over them.

Yet one law Sir Vane liked well that it should be made,
 which was a law against the importing of Barrel Sticks,
 least thereby the Christians should learne Unity, seeing
 things of the same nature stick so close together. When in
 imitation of Joshua who drove out the Canaanites there
 out of the Land to give his people a full possession thereof,
 they intended to have destroy'd all the old inhabitants of
 Brittain, both Nobles, Gentry and Peasants, by making
 their own party Lords over them, who were all of a new
 race, as being the Sons of the Earth, and such therefore
 whom no ties of consanguinity had interest to make them
 in the least wise mercifull: When these things were di-
 vulg'd among the Christians, there was a famous saying
 among them that went to Sir Vane to reason the case with
 him, Quoth he unto him, it is a very dangerous thing to
 alter the religion, and take away the Lawes of a Nation:
 Sir Vane replies, that as to the alteration of religion, it
 was a thing which they thought convenient, and therefore
 since they had the power in their hands, they were resolv'd
 to doe it; and as for taking away the Lawes, he thought
 it was very well done also; for that was the difference be-
 tween thieves and honest men, Thieves indeed were ne-
 cessitated

consistated to make Lawes among themselves, and to ob-
serve them; but honest open said he, such as we and our
party, have no need thereof; for that we are no thieves,
but robbers; and if we doe possesse other mens goods, it
is because we have right thereunto, being boz'n to inherit
the Earth; And quoth Sir Vane, Lawes are the guides
of the soule; and therefore those who would be robb'd most
fre, ought to live without um; for if it be a mark of sla-
very to have the legs or hands bound, certes it is a signe
of far greater subjection to suffer the mind to be in fetters.
When the ancient Deer heard these arguments he was
convinced, not by the strength of Sir Vane's reason, but be-
cause he saw it was in vaine to contend with an unrea-
sonable strength; & therefore with great sorrow for the af-
fliction which he saw was like to fall upon the Christians,
he took his leave of the Knight of the mysterious Allego-
ries, and departed.

CHAP. XVI.

Now the Christians rebell'd against Sir Lambert, and how
he march'd against them into the North, and what hap-
pen'd thereupon.

THE Christians were now in a sad condition, for
that the Heathens having vot'd their destruction
went about to put in practise all these designs which they
could think on for the effecting of their purpose. But they
had one Champion yet alive, who was height Sir George,
who was the most worthy Champion that ever the Brit-
taines had. Who seeing the destruction that was like to
fall upon the Christians, resolv'd to oppose himselfe in
their defence; whereupon Sir Lambert sent defiance unto
the Loyall Knight, telling him that he would shortly meet
him in the Plaines of Northimbira. But before he went.

he consulted with the Knight of the Mysterious Allegories, how he might secure unto him the Metropolis of Brittain, which he was now going to leave behind him; and what persons he might entrust for to manage his great affairs in his absence. Whereupon they agreed to constitute several Officers of the Equate Table, which being assembled together, should have the name of a Council of Safety. Now, that they might not crosse the proverb, as they were to have new Laws, so they resolved to make new Lords. And indeed Sir Vance, who was altogether for Allegories, told Sir Lambert, that there were no men fitter then those from whose trade, or occupation, he might draw some allusion, that he might teach him what to do. Wherefore he advised him to choose one Grocer, that it might remind him of braying his Enemies in the Porter of affliction, & grinding them as small as pepper. He bid him take one Drawer of Cloath, such was the Seer Brauchitho, to shew that there ought not to be any differences among factions of the same Stamp: He bid him take one that was employed in Cole-Pits, such was Sir Berry the Knight of the Cole-Pit, to shew that a Politician ought always to be undermining. One Scotchman, such was the Seer Wareston, to shew the Treachery and Falshood that Politicians ought to use. One Bloughman, such was the Syant Desborough, to shew the care that a Politician ought to have, and how he ought to observe times and seasons. And one Cobler intimating thereby that a Politician ought to look after no mans ends but his own. When Sir Lambert had made choice of his Countel he spake unto them in these words.

Right Worthy Patrons,

I have here made choice of ye, that ye may assist me in the carrying on my great work, I must leave ye for a time, for that I am going to meet the Royal Knight in the Plains of Northumbria, who hath bid me despatch, 'wot

was ye well that ye have to deal with a proud and insolent City: if therefore they will not be rul'd, knock them to death in their own Vices, as they do Bees. He was famous that burnt the Temple of Diana, and Nero was famous that burnt Rome; then be ye famous also, and burn London. I shall say no more, because I repose a confidence in ye, not doubting but that ye will stick close unto me if not for my sake, yet for your owne ends, which by no means but mine ye can ever be able to attain.

When he had uttered these sayings, they all stood up and cry'd long live the Soldan of Britain.

CHAP. XVII.

How the Seer Wareston lay with a Lady of pleasure that came to him with a Petition upon the Councel Table, and what happened thereupon.

Came we now Sir Lambert a while, and let us rehearse what happen'd at the Councel of Safety, of which the Seer Wareston was Chief President, who was a right notable Knave and exceeding salacious, as you shall understand by that which follows. There was a Lady at that time, who had certain sad occasions to visit the Councel of Safety for the redress of certain grievances, but could never find a fit opportunity to deliver her supplication; but at length finding that the Seer Wareston was all alone in the Councel Chamber, she prevail'd with many of the Doore keeper to let her in. When she came in, she appeared right comely unto the Seer, and related her Story unto him with such a grace, that he was freight-way enamoured of her: Quoth he, well do you deserve fair Lady to have your Petition granted, but should I grant you your Petition, would you grant me mine? Alas! said the Lady, it is not for you to petition, who have

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have so much power in your hands. Ah reply'd the Seer, you have wounded me; and I hope you will cure the wound which you have made, and saying these words, he pulled her by the Collar upon his knee as he sat in his great Chair, and would have kissed her. The Lady not ignorant, how much coyns inflamed, made great resistance; but the more she resisted, the more was he on fire; so that there was exceeding great contention, and strugling between them; at length the lustful Seer being the stronger, had thrown her upon the Council Table, and there laid her flat on her back, where at length he gave him leave to quench his desires with the spoils of her seeming Chastity, on condition that he would grant her Request. He had not sooner finished, but in came Sir Fleetwood the contemptible Knight, and some others, who seeing the Seer in a strange posture, with his Band rumpled, his Cap off, the Sleeve of his Collar torn, and his Face more redder then ordinary, desired to know of him what had happen'd unto him. The Seer not at all abashed told them the whole Story: Who entered thereupon into great consultations among themselves. Some were of an opinion, that since the Seer Wareston Concoct was likely to encrease, that the Soldan should allow him a larger Stipend. One stood up and said that it was requisite, that the Contemptible Knight, and the Knight of the Allegories should be sent to the Temple of the Gods, La potta del Papa Giovanna, to enquire of the Oracle, whether it were a Boy or a Girl, that provision for the birth and education might be made accordingly. Others were of opinion that 'twas convenient to know what his Name should be; This debate took up above a weeks time, with continual pro's and con's, and at length they concluded that it were a Boy he should be called by the Name of young FINBRANDUS, and that he should be sent to the enchanted Castle NEW-GATE, to be bred up in all the secrets of that place

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by the severall Gyants yhat frequented the Castle. But if it were a Gize that she should be delivered to witch Creswellia to be taught all kind of sorceries and enchantments ; and so the Councell was dismiss for that time.

CHAP. XVIII.

How Sir *Lambert* marched against the Loyal Knight as far as the Forreſt of *Northimbria* ; and how the Councel of Safety sent the Gyant *Hufonius* to kill the Christians for playing at Foot-ball.

SIR Lambert was now gone towards the Forreſt of *Northimbria* to encounter the Loyal Knight, leaving behind him Sir Vane the Contemptable Knight. Now you muſt know that before Sir Lambert departed out of the good City of London there came unto him the Seer Feko High Priest in the Temple of the Idoll, icleped Foutre le Diable, and the Seer Rogero High Priest of the Idoll Cuzzo nel Culo, and Declared unto him, how they had that night ſeen a Viſion, and having told what they had ſeen each unto the other, that they had both Dreamed the ſame Dream ; He thought quoth the Seer Feko, that I was in a great field, where I ſaw ſir Lambert's Horſe ſeeding among a multitude of other Horſes, when on a ſudden ſir Lambert's horſe elevating his rump let an exceeding great Fart, ſo that the Poiſſe thereof cauſed the Valleys to ſound and the Hills to echo, and with the ſtrength thereof blew away all the ſaid Horſes, ſo that when I looked about again, I could not ſee one Horſe left. Now while I was muſing upon the ſtrangeneſſe of the accident, there came a young man to me cloathed in Blew, who bid me declare what I had ſeen unto Sir Lambert, for that as his Horſe had Farted away all

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the other horses, so should he scatter all his enemies. When Sir Lambert heard this, he caused his Butler to be sent for, and commanded him to carry the two high Pitchers into the Battery, and set the Bread and Cheese before them and to give them as much Ale as they would drink; which as soon as he had said he gallop'd away as fast as he could to encounter the Loyal Knight. Now after that he had been gone a good while, it hapn'd one more thing that the weather being cold, the young men of the City of London went to play at Football in the Streets; which being related in to the Council of Safety, they were sore afraid, fearing lest the Christians having such a pretence to assemble together might rise against them; wherefore they sent command immediately to the Gyant Hultonius to go into the City, for fear of the worst. Now such was the haste he was in, that because he could not readily find his own Arms he was forced to put on his head, a great iron porridge-pot which was next at hand; instead of his shield, he took the p. t. sh. and in lieu of his Pace, he pul'd up one of the great Elms in the Forest of St. James; and thus accoutred, away he goes, taking a great Band of soldiers along with him. The Christians hearing of his coming, shut the Gates of the City, thinking to keep him out; but the Gyant pusht them open, with as much ease, as if they had been made of Past-board; and finding his own Shield defective, he made use of one of the Gates for his Buckler all that day. Not notwithstanding his coming, the Christians continued playing at Football, not dreaming that their sport had been offensive. But so it fell out, that one of the Christians striking the Ball right strenuous, by which his foot kick'd the Ball full in the Gyants Face, so that his Eye was in great danger. The Gyant, who had but one Eye, and being jealous that the Christians intended to put out that too, was sorely enraged; wherefore in great fury he laid about him with his huge Elm among the multitude, killing six of the Christians.

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stans at one blow; which the Christians beholding they incontinently fled away: That, when the Gyant Husonius saw, he thought it good time to satisfy his hunger, as well as his revenge. Whereupon he straightway went and took up one of the dead Christians, and so sitting down upon the ridge of a house in a moment, devour'd him raw without either bread or salt; and having finish'd his bloody Meal, Now, quoth he, have I din'd as well as ever I did in my life had I but half a Child to close my stomach. The Young men seeing this, would have all together fallen upon the Gyant, so little they car'd either for his arms, or the baseness of his proportion; but the chief Governour fearing the danger of popular Tumults, chose rather to put up in silence the injuries of the Gyant, then hazard the safety of the City, when there seem'd other probable means of securing it: wherefore the Gyant seeing at length none to oppose him, returned with great triumph to the place from whence he came, and was receiv'd with much gladness by the Council of Safety, only they rebuked him, that he did not bring the rest of those Christians along with him which he had kill'd, that he might have had them for his supper.

CHAP. XIX.

How the *Forty Tyrants* were set up again, and how Don *Hazlerigo* caused several Children to be whipped to death for calling him RUMPER.

Sir Lambert being now at a great distance from the City of Londinum. The forty Tyrants conspired together, and in a short time they so managed their business, that they vanquish'd the Council of Safety, and all that adhered unto Sir Lambert; For Don Hazlerigo having

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got some few armed Troops together, came to Londinum with so much haſt and Fury, that both the Gyants, Deborow and Huſonius, were much appel'd; and beſides that he had joynd himſelf with the Knight of the Green Ocean. When the forty Tyrants heard that Don Hazlerigo was coming to town, they went forth to meet him, every one clad with a Gown of Tyrean Purple, embrodered with Gold; for they never car'd what they ſpent, ſo it were of the publick mony, & before each perſon went 20 ſquires bare, with Cognizances on their ſleeves, every one carrying in his hand the Arms and Pedigree of his Lord. Don Hazlerigo was on a Hill, when he ſaw um coming towards him with their Hats on about a mile off; wherefore immediately he ſent away one of his Squires, to know of them how they durſt be ſo bold as to keep their hats on before him while he was in ſight; whether they knew who he was; and whether that were their grateful acknowledgment of the Favours which they were then about to receive from him. Whereupon with many humble expreſſions of ſorrow for their offence they preſently unbaid; when they approach'd neer, he gave them the fartheſt end of the Laſh of his whip to kiſſe, having rebuked them firſt for their ſlowneſſe. As he return'd he rode himſelf in a ſilver Coach, gilded with gold, beſides which ran 200 Pages and Footmen attired in blew Velvet, The Trumpets that went before him ſounding his praifes were like the ſands on the ſea for number making ſuch a dreadful noiſe, that many report that they ſaw the Graves in many Church-yards to open, and men ſtart up in their ſhirts to aſk what the matter was. Coming into the Chamber of Couincell, they plac'd him under a Canopy of State; when on a ſuddain riſing up with a Look as Furious as Tamerlames. "What rage quoth he, did poſſeſſe that vaine Fool Sir Lambert, to liſt himſelfe up againſt me, who am in worth as much above him as the Heaven is above the Earth: "proud

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"proud baunting piece of insolence, shortly shall he too
 "late repent, when he shall receive the same punishment
 "from my hands, as the Haughty Almidor King of Mo-
 "rocco did from the hand of St. George. Behold ye are
 "now once more established by my power; therefore let
 "us to Work, and handle this insolent Nation without
 "Pittens; Above all things beware of consideration,
 "knowing that delays are dangerous. If we must burn,
 "let us burn; if kill, kill, 'tis no matter whom, what or
 "when: we loose our Authority while we enter into such
 "consultations: consulting thebbs fear, and fear bbas ne-
 "ber the mark of absolute Dominion; The Devil, their
 "Fire and his Dam go vwith all Consultations, and De-
 "liberations, and sage Thoughts; but be ruled by me and
 "I bbarrant you all things bbill go vwell: When he had
 spoken these words he departed home to his spouse: now
 not long after, it happened that he was going in great
 state to the House, certain little children playing together
 cried one to another, There goes one of the Rump, which
 was a term of Ignominy that the people of Britain had
 thrown upon the Forty Tyrants; which when it came to
 the ear of Don Hazlerigo, he caused the said children to be
 sent for; when they came before him, with a stern coun-
 tenance, he commanded that they should be forthwith ta-
 ken away and whipped to Death with whips of knotted
 whipcord: And when one said unto him that it was too
 cruel a Sentence, he replied, that it was too mercifull;
 for that they might thank him that he did not cause them
 to be offered up to the Idol Molock in the Valleys of the
 Chimeron; and with that he flung away in a great rage
 in order to his other Affairs.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

How Sir Lambert submitted, and how the Gyants, *Destorow*, *Cobbet*, *Creed*, and *Hewson*, seeing themselves disappointed of their Designes, went to fight against Heaven.

When Sir Lambert saw that he could not get unto the Loyal Knight, who seeing himself far unequal to Sir Lambert in number, kept himself in his strong Holds; he thought upon a way how to keep the Loyal Knight from coming to him: he saw his souldiers wanted work, and therefore to keep them from mutining, and being idle, which two inconveniences commonly go together, like a Citizen and his wife, He gave them a command that they should build up a Wall in the Land of Northumbria, the which in breadth should reach from sea to sea, and in height up unto the clouds, and which should be so thick that fifty Coaches might go a breast; and to secure it from the thunder-thumping-bullets of the dismall-noise-making Canon, he sent for the Seer Feko to enchant it. Now where Travellers were to passe to and fro, he ordered that there should be a great Gate made of Masse Brasse, which should be bolted with Bolts as big about as an ordinary Stæple, the Shooter of the Lock was to be as broad as an Acre of Ground; Then said the Artificer unto Sir Lambert, Who shall turn the Key? and Sir Lambert replied, Let there be a Mill to turn it. Now as Sir Lambert was contriving about this wall, Sir Vane hearing of his design, sent him a Letter; the substance whereof was, that he had heard of the Wall which he was going to build; and therefore he advised him, because Note would break through stone walls, to make it of Brick: in
answer

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answer to which Sir Lambert sent him another, wherein he assured him that the Wall should be of Brick accordingly, and that if he would not believe him, he might come down and see. Sir Lambert had a double Design in making this wall; First, because that being he was not ignorant that his souldiers must dig very deep to lay the foundations of such a wall, he knew nothing to the contrary but that they might find some Mine or ether whereby to enrich both themselves and him, but his main drift was to keep the Loyal Knight from coming into Britain: moreover this wall was to be guarded by never-sleeping Dragons, which were to be sent for from Lydia, as also by Mastiff Dogs, which were to be kept hungry for that purpose. You'l say now he was in a fair way: but woe unto a man when ill luck follows him. Now said the Knight of the golden Tulip unto himself, shall I have such a wall, as there will not be in the world such another, nor was there ever such a one before? Travellers shall come to see this wall of mine, from all parts of the Earth, and shall bring money in their pockets and shall enrich my Land; then will I plant Apricocks and Peaches against this wall, and when they are ripe I will say unto my wife, lo, the fruits of my Wall. While he was thus solacing himself under his wall, came unto him the sad news how that the Forty Tyrants were got into power again, and that Don Hazlerigo with an Army had forced all his one and twenty Sers to run away, swearing that he would not only boyl Sir Lambert now, but make Porridge also of his Flesh. he fell straightway into a swoon, continuing so for eight and forty hours; when his friends saw that, they sent for Physicians, who were in a great amaze; but at length they agreed that he should be laid under a Pump, the well being first cleans'd and fill'd with Aniseed-water; which was done accordingly, and so they laid him under the spout and pump'd strong-water into his mouth for ten days together: at the

END.

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and whereof, through the heat of the water he began
 ot revive, and elevating his drowzy head, Oh! quoth
 the Knight of the golden Tulip, groaning like a soul in
 Purgatory, Accursed be the Loyall Knight; for my
 Cakes dow, and all by his means. But the Gyant
 Desborow cursed the Knight of the Mysterious Allego-
 ries, being very free of his Malediction, because that by
 his means they had put down the Forty Tyrants, saying
 that he was the arrantest Knave that ever pissed with
 a Trick. Sir Lambert now considering the sadnesse
 of his condition, was in a bachel of troubles, so that he
 knew not what in the world to doe. Should I go to the
 Town of London. quoth he, what should I doe there?
 walk about the streets with my hands in my pocket like
 a Dutch Saylor: What befits not him that once rode
 about the streets of Westmonasterium, like a Country
 Hagler, causing his enemies to creep into Crevices.
 What becomes not him who once vanquish'd the Baron
 of Cheshire, and laid the Swineheard of Maxfield spraw-
 ling on the ground. But 'tis a folly to talk, I must
 either go or stay; well Ile go: "But God knows my
 "heart 'tis even as a Bear goes to the stake; and I
 "know I shall be baited like a Bear too: and what
 "then? why a Bear's a Bear, and a Knight's a Knight:
 "Nay, and a Knight's a Bear too; for by the same
 "Consequence that I a Knight am made an Ass, shall I
 "a Knight be likewise made a Bear; But let um
 "take heed of their Bears, that is, let um look to them-
 "selves; for if ever I get um in my paws again, Ile
 "gripe um a little faster then I did before. When Sir
 Lambert had spoken these words, he throw his cloake
 over his shoulders, and in very melancholy wise spur'd
 his Steed forward. The Forty Tyrants hearing that
 he was come unto the good Town of London, they sent
 for him to have him in Examination; But when he
 came before them, Don Hazlerigo look'd upon him with a
 very

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very grim aspect, Si rah, quoth he, Sir Knight what made thy overventurous, fool-hardy, memirrot c| presumption dare to advance it self against oxcomblly ehur of Knight-hood? Didst thou not know that I was cholerick; how then daredst thou to provoke me? Sir Lambert, then pleaded for himself, saying, That he had not done what he did but that he thought 'twas for the good of the Nation. Thou lyest like a Rogue, replies Don Hazlerigo; and having said those words, commanded him to be taken away forthwith, and to be thrown into the Caldron of boyling Lead, which was prepared in a place not far off: and they say he had certainly ben boyled to death had not the Knight of the Mysterious Allegories interceded for him; though indeed he did not prebail so much upon him, but rather prebail'd upon the intentions of some of the forty Tyrants, who liking not the proceedings of the loyal Knight, resolved to make use of him again, in case any such quarrel should happen as they suspected.

When the Gyant Cobhetto, the Gyant Credo, the Gyant Hackero, the Gyant Hufonio, and the Gyant Rodesbo heard of the ill success of Sir Lambert, they grew very mutinous against the Goss of their Religion; they wonder'd that their Gods would use them so discourteously, that it was neither a friendly part, nor the part of Gentlemen to deal with their Idolaters in that fashion: they tax'd them with the want of morality and common civility; and at length one thing aggravating another they resolv'd to make them know themselves and if they would not doe that, to pull them out of Heaven by the head and ears. But how shall we come at them? quoth one; well enough cries a other; are there not mountains enough in the world: let us never leave setting one upon another till we reach them.

Whereupon Credo and Cobeto, were sent to bring away Arthur's Seat, and the rest of the Mountains in Scotland, Hufonio was sent to fetch Atlas out of Africa, and Hackero

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was sent to fetch the Mountains of Caucasus. Then did the Gyants Husonio and Hackero, prepare them wonderful Stilts wherewith to trade through the deep Ocean: Now because that the length of them was such and so vast, they took the largest steps that ever were known one Stilt being alwaies ten Pile before the other, which may seem incredible, but that we do not find it set down in the Apochrypha.

The Gyant Credo seeing them preparing them such Stilts he presently made himself such too; for, quoth he, surely they must be excellent for dispatch, which he found to be true; for by the help of these Stilts he went to the furthest parts of old Scotia, and back again in lesse then a quarter of an hour bringing a huge and mighty Hill upon his head with more ease then a Turk carries his Turbant: now because the Hill covered him all over, so that he could not be perceiv'd, some say that the Hill walk'd and it was taken for a great Miracle throughout all Albion. When he came to the place appointed, he took the said mountain off his head, as one would take off his Cap and with one hand set it upon the top of Plimlemmon; he had no sooner done it, but the Carvers of his belly roar'd, and immediately sent forth such a mighty tempest as blew the said Mountain quite away some 15 Miles into the Ocean, as you would blow away a Feather with a Smiths pair of Bellows, and so was all that labour lost. Scarcely had this misfortune befallen them, when the Gyants Husonio and Hackero return'd the one from Tenariff, the other from Africa, They related strange things; how that as they were taking up the Mountains on their backs, the Knights of those Countries came upon them so that they were forc'd to fight with all Comers and Goers for six days and nights together: Husonio said that he had slain three Pillions of Knights, and Hackero reported how he had kill'd five Pillions, & ten Knights, besides two dwarfs; but at length hearing that Aclas was coming to defend his own

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own mountain being very weary, they retired forthwith ; for they were loth to venture rubbers with a Gyant of such Fame as he was: However they brought with them four or five smaller Hills which were not above two or three Miles high a piece, which they had put in their pockets for fear of being discovered. But as they were going to place these one upon another according to their first resolutions, lo, another accident that spoilt all ; For early in the morning, behold there came five Milk-maids forth to milk the Kine that were grazing in the adjoining pasture ; when the Gyants saw them all in white with Milk-pails on their heads they admir'd at the strangeness of their Head-gear ; For were they Mortals, quoth they, they would not approach as they doe, but seeing us would certainly be affrighted at our Shapes : Whereupon the Gyant Credo went down to meet them, and when he came nêr, he said unto them, with a stern countenance, Are ye spirits of the North, or o' the South, or are ye spirits of the lower Regions, or spirits of the Sphears ? If ye be such, Think you that we who are now going to revenge our selves upon the Gods, will let you escape who are but their Ministers ? with that he gave one of the Milk-maids such a blow on her Pail as made her Pail and her Head come almost to the ground together ; which when the rest esp'y'd, they threw down their Milk-pails with great indignation, and fell upon the Gyant with such a fury, that he not being able to resist their strong Violence, was forced to yield, while they drag'd him to the ground by the h'tr of the head : being in this plight he began to call & cry ; but 'twas well if the rest of the Gyants had enough of courage to see him ; for they durst not stir one inch to his assistance. Villain that thou art, Quoth one of the Amazon Virgins, I'll teach thee to hurt Jane, & with that she gave him a claw that plow'd up his Face from ear to ear. Nay, quoth another, for the honour of Saint George let's crosse him ; and so she made a furrow

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from his Chin to his Forehead; One would have cut off his Ginguimbobs, but that feare made him swell so strong, that they were forc'd to quit him. Which blessed time being come, with a countenance full of the effects of a sad conquest, he went to his fellow-Giants, who partly affrighted at the direfull mortifications of his Visage, partly seeing the Milk-wenches advance, and considering that they should never be able to conquer the Gods, who were beaten only by two or three sprights, as to them the Milk-wenches seemed to be, they took up their Hæls, and with no small diligence, ran away, leaving their intended Design to any body else that durst undertake it.

CHAP. XXI.

How the *Loyal Knight* enter'd *Londinum*, and what happened thereupon.

Not long agoe we left the Loyal Knight in the Countrey of Scotia, detising with his Company concerning the welfare of the Countrey of Britain. He at length seeing the Forces of Sir Lambert dissipated by the power of the forty Tyrants rode toward the City of Londinum, meeting many Knights by the way that followed the King, whom he still directed in their course, who made to him report of the dealings of the forty Tyrants at Londinum: When he enter'd into the City of Londinum, he caused Don Lamberto to be cast into prison: but long had he not been there but he made his escape, thinking to have gathered his Forces together again, and to have encountered the Loyall Knight; but being hardly pursued he was again retaken, and again committed to the care of the Knight of the Lyons. When the forty Tyrants saw that

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that they could make no disturbance against the Loyall Knight, neither of themselves nor by any other means, they came to the Loyall Knight, saying unto him, We "thought till now, my Lord, that ye were one of the best "advised Knights of the whole world, but that we now "by proof perceiue the contrary. You think that what "ye doe is for safety of your Honour, but you will find it "to be the losse of you and your men. But the Loyall Knight replying, Full well, quoth he, do you manifest your horrible Treason; for besides your Treachery in compacting the Death of your Lord, you would have me also a Traytor to his Posterity, as ye have proved. When said the forty Tyrants, to hinder us from ruling in London? To which the Loyall Knight making answer, Peter, quoth he, shall Traytor reign in London while the most Honourable King of the World liueth. When this debate was ended, He summon'd the Kings Friends together, and gave them the chief power oer Britain, which was no sooner restored vnto them, but they sent for the true and lawfull King of Britain, who not long after was receiued into his chief City of Londinum with great Joy and Triumph: And so concludeth the First Part of this History.

F I N I S.

READER,

Epitles like Prologues of playes are many times skipt o-
uer, seldome read: and to say the truth I know not that
they are of any great use: and therefore that I may not sin
against your patience, and my own opinion I shal say no more
for what is here writ, but only thus much, that the Ladys may
read here what they neuer read in their liues: for whereas
all other Knights fought for their sakes, our Knights fought
for Nobodys sakes but their own, as you shall finde by the se-
quel, And so farewell.

*Books Printed and Sold by H. Marsh, at
the Princes Arms in Chancery-lane, near
Fleetstreet.*

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The Gyant Hufonio.



D O N
JUAN LAMBERTO:

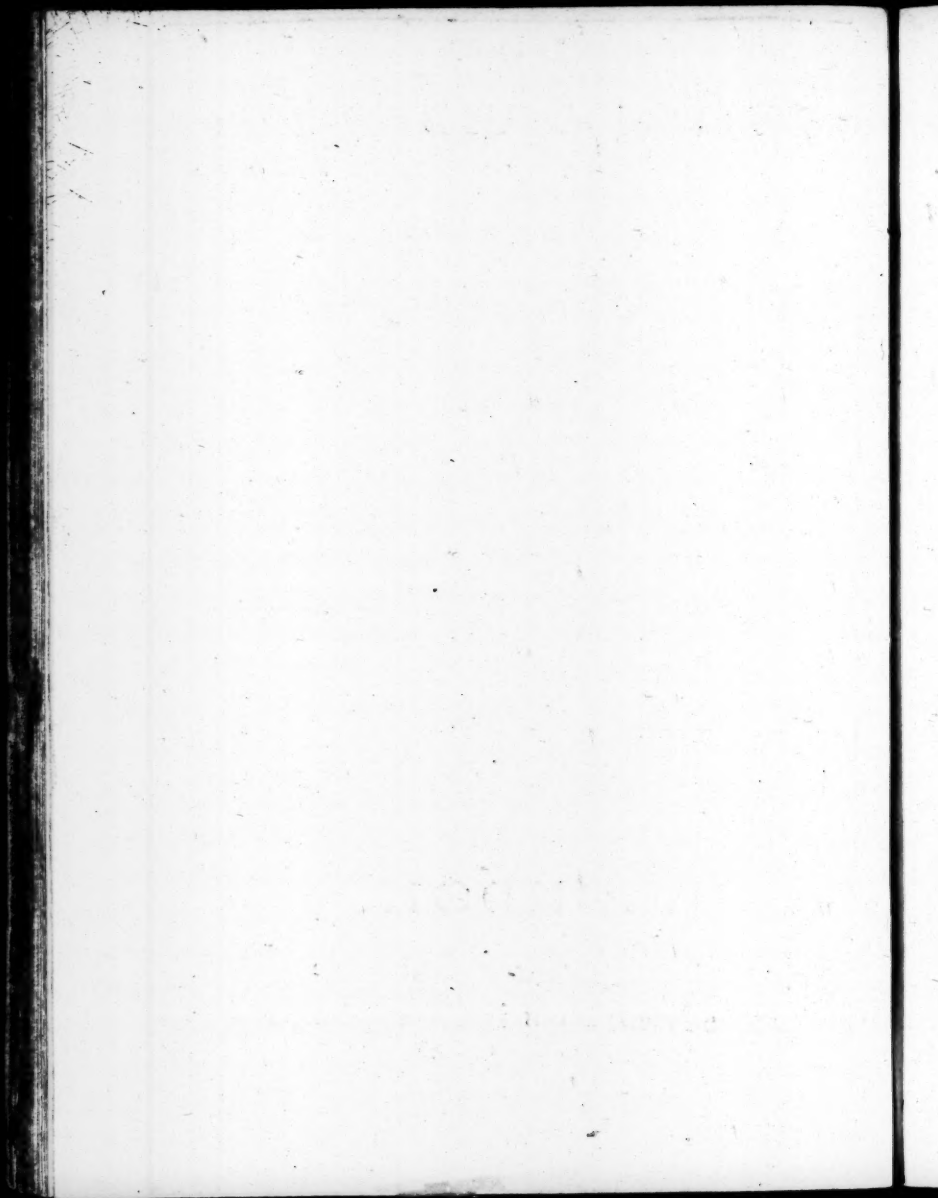
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H I S T O R Y
Of the
Late Times.

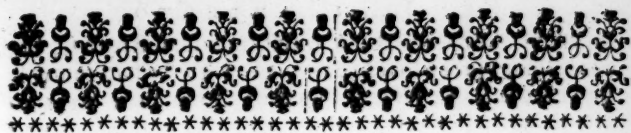
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Don Juan Lamberto :

OR, A
COMICAL HISTORY
OF
The Late *TIME S*.

CHAP. I.

How the Seer *Lisse* hearing of the return of the lawful King of *Britain*, devised for to flye out of the Land; how he made him a Periwig of Camels hair; and how he fled into *Egypt* in a winged Chariot.

WHEN as they were resting themselves in the Forrest under the forsaken Tree, Sir Lambert unbuckled his Armour, and was laying himself down in a posture to sleep, when loe there came a Snayl creeping towards him, *So* that I could now pray quoth he as well as the old Soidan could, for certainly this is an evil Spirit, but
when

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When he gathered up his resolution and struck it, the poor Snayl pull'd in its horns, and then he had compassion thereon, for said he, this poor Snayl is in my condition, and pulls in its horns even as I am forced to pull in mine because of the tapp which the forty Tyrants have given me. But the forty Tyrants though they had vanquished Sir Lambert, did not yet enjoy their intended ease and quiet, for they were sorely press'd upon by the Loyal Knight, and the rest of the Christians that were with him, who were indeed too cunning for them; For the Loyal Knight seeing that his Forces were not powerful enough for them, at first feigned himself to be a Pagan likewise, at which they were right glad, and commanded him to pull down the Gates of the City of Londinum, which when he had done, they said one to another, now the Town's ours, for they thought that they had made the Loyal Knight Cock sure to them, but when he saw how they had abused him, he called for one of the City Gyants, who was seven yards high, and fifteen foot about the waste, and bid him go and pull those proud and furious Dominatours from their imperious Thrones. who presently took his March, and being come to the place where they were met, he put his hand in at the window, and took them out one by one, as men take out young Squabs out of Pigeon holes. Then did the forty Tyrants howl, and bawl, and pawl, and fume, and swear, and tear, as the Poet most elegantly hath it,

—rending their Throats for Anger.

But little good did it do them, even no more than Scurvy-grasse. Ale doth a man good that drinks it to cure his Cornes; for the Gyant had no more compassion on them, than the Lyon hath upon his Prey. They
begg'd

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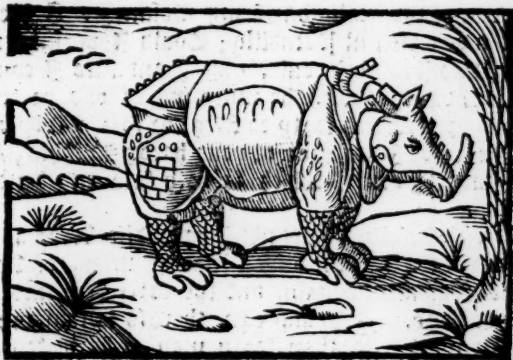
begg'd 'tis true, but he frown'd, then they begg'd again, and he frown'd again, then they begg'd again, but then he frown'd terribly, so that his brows came down to his Chin, and then they trembled like Aspen leaves. 'Tis well quoth the Gyant that I give you time to consider of the evil which ye have done, and that I do not presently gobble you up, as for example with that; It is reported for certain, that he took up the Sæer Corneliolanelus, and having first rubb'd him between his fore-finger and his thumb, as they do damsons, to make him tender, he tols'd him into his mouth, and swallowed him whole, the which I take to be more probable, because he hath since been much sought after and could never be found, nor so much as heard of. When the Sæer Lille saw that, he was full soze afraid, for quoth he, There is no man that deserveth lesse from the Christians than I have done; For ye must know my dearly beloved friends, that this Samen Seer was one of the chief of the forty Tyrants, who upon all occasions did sentence the innocent Christians to death, sitting upon a Throne made for that purpose, clad in Scarlet and fine Linnen. Wherefoze espying his opportunity, he ran hastily away from the face of the Gyant, and fled unto a certain Castle which appertained to the Witch who was called the Sable-brow'd-Enchantresse, which stood near the Hamlet of Bloomesbury, where he remained hidden certain days under the Coats of one of the Harlots of that place, till the heat of the search was over. Now that our History may be the clearer, seeing that we are fallen to speak of this right notorious Seer, we thought it necessary, to discover something of his genealogy. His Father was a Cow keeper, who deriv'd his Pedigree from the fierce Fireanton, who was the first Switzer that ever was in the world, and his Mother was the fair Elisabetha, who nois'd hot Chalozon Pyes about the Streets of Londinum, and was descended from the

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the beautiful Scourandirona, who was chief Chamberlain to Nimcodd's Clerk of the Kitchen. It is reported that the Babe being born did fast right often, whence some out of the depth of their foresight did strangely conjecture, that the time should come when he shou'd sink for fear in his latter days; When he grew up he was much given to thrust himself into joynt-schools with the bottomes upward, Hereupon some said he wou'd come to be the Pontifex Maximus; but others that were of a deeper foresight did right sapiently conjecture, that though he might arrive to high degree, yet in one part of his life or other he should come to be in a very streight condition. Now trust me, and how is it in the power of man to help it? For as the proverb saith right well, Fortune is fickle; so that there is nothing more inconstant than wayward Fortune. This made that potent Magnifico Don Slaolfolko Guasta Campo cry out when he was banquish'd by the most potent and most furious Knight Don Fernando Ferenomano; Whquoth he, "The stripes of cruel Fortune what are they like? like the dashing of the proud Billows against the sturdy Rocks? no: like the roaring of the untamed Lyon? no: like a noise of Fiddlers? no, neither. What then? there is nothing to be compared unto them. The lashes from a Hangman at the Cart's tail, are but ticklings of the Skin in comparison of them; for they make Ladies weep, Knights to howl, and Gyants to roar; But let us return to our story, leaving Don Slaolfolko to bewail his misfortunes himself. Now you must know, or else you know nothing at all, that the Seer Lise was that cursed man that had the cursed misday to fall into the gripes of this accursed and cruel Fortune. But mark ye right well what I shall say, he may thank himself for it; For when he came to those years, which are cleped years of discretion, he began to feel in his little pocket.

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pocket, but found therein no money; Then groweth he; The Devil in the
 O my accursed Stars, why suffer ye this evil for to be. shape of a
 tall me; Then there arose a thing out of the Earth like Sea horie,



a great Sea-horie, with long hair as black as Char-
 coal, at the sight whereof he fell flat on his back to the
 ground, and as he lay along, the spirit walked and
 walked over him, and at length piss'd in his face: after
 which it spoke, unto him in this phrase,

*The Tears of the Lady, and Blood of her Lord,
 Shall unto thee great Riches afford.*

He was a
 Poet.

The Sir ponderd this saying in his mind, and laid it
 up in his breast as charily as a Country Gentlewoman
 keeps her Jewells; long look'd he for this time. "O
 when will it be, quoth he, that I shall increase this
 my small pittance, which with so covetous and spa-
 ring a hand Fortune hath measur'd me out: when
 shall I dine with a dozen dishes of meat, and look
 pleasantly to see my Confort carbe up the second and
 third course: when shall Honour attend me, and the
 respect

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"respect of the people wait upon the train of my golen
 "These are the things I gape for, and to obtain, what
 "would I not do? I think there is nothing that I
 "would not do; nay, let me examine my self. Could
 "I renounce the Religion of my Country? A Peca-
 "dillo, a poor pittifull Peca-dillo; Could I perjure my
 "self? Yes I think I could, nay I am sure I could.
 "Could I dispence with the murdering of one or two,
 "or two or three, or forty or fifty, or so: not by way
 "of Duel, for I am none of your hardy Knights; but
 "as a Judge I could, which is both safe and honour-
 "able.

These his resolves were not long undiscovered to the
 subtil searchers into the dispositions of men, of which
 the chief Soldan of Britain, and the forty Tyrants had
 then good store. Now mark ye, there is nothing more
 luckie in the world than for a man to be hated and
 spurr'd; and to have nothing to do but to get up and ride
 upon an occasion when it offers it self, Even so it fell
 out with our Suer. For the Soldan, whose intention
 it was to extirpate all the Nobles of Britain, that were
 friends to the lawfull King of Britain, had framed sum-
 dry and several gzealous accusations of heinous crimes
 and offences against them, that so he might bereave
 them of their estates and of their lives at once. Now
 lest the people of Britain should think that he did any
 thing contrary to the Law which were used in that
 Realm, he devised with himself to erect a Tribunal in
 imitation of a Court of true Justice; which when he
 had brought to passe, yet still he wanted one who would
 undertake to sit as chief Judge, and to pronounce the dire
 sentence of untimely death upon such innocent Knights
 whose hard mishap it was to be sacrific'd to his wrath
 and fiery indignation. When the Soldan of Britain cast-
 ing about, and revolting in himself where he might find a
 fit instrument to perform that office, he was at length in-
 formed

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foyned of the Sheer Lifle; wherefoze he immediately
 caused him to be sent for, to appear befoze him: who
 incontinently made his addresse unto him, and that
 with so much readinesse, that for hast he put on both his
 stockings the wrong side outward, which mark of obe-
 dience and willingness the Soldan was right glad to
 see. Gentle Lifle, quoth he, thou canst not be ig-
 norant, how that I have many a right worthy
 knight who are professed enemies to my greatnesse
 now within my power, which I must cause to be put
 to death, that so I may be secur'd in my great Do-
 minions; Now so it is that I have chosen thee to be
 their Condemnator. Then the Sheer Lifle made him
 three great bowes, and seven congies and a half, pro-
 mising him faithfully to do effectually whatever he
 commanded: For quoth he, Great Soldan thy be-
 hests are just, therefore have I forsaken the God of
 the Christians, to serve the God whom thou servest,
 and to submit to thee in all things; for who is like
 unto thee among all the Princes in the world. There-
 upon he was without delay cloathed in Skarlet, and a
 Throne was provided for him where he might sit in
 majesty to exercise cruelty as he pleased upon the dis-
 tressed Christians; and indeed so dextrous was he and
 Lordly in his office, that few or none of the Christians
 escaped his bloody sentences. Wherefoze the Soldan
 was right glad, and it pleased him to see that the Sheer
 was so faithful unto him; Therefore he gave unto him
 the Lands and Palaces of the Christian Princes, so
 that the Sheer lived right illustriously, his heart being at
 ease and wallowing in plenty. But as after Winter
 cometh Summer, and after Summer cometh Winter
 again as after fair weather cometh foul, and after
 foul fair, so after the long tranquillity which our Sheer
 enjoy'd, ensued the boystrous storms of heart-killing
 sorrow: for loe he that befoze look'd big and haughty,

and fate upon high places, where all men might bleſſed him, yet feared not the paw of the Bayliſſe, nor the fury of the Soldans Janſary's, is now not to be ſeen by any, ſcalking ſometimes in Obens, ſometimes under the coats of Harlots, ſometimes in old Trunks, ſometimes like Diogenes living in Tubs, yet no where in ſecurity, but ſtill affrighted with continual fears; which kind of liſe, through the exceſs of trouble and diſcontent that was in it growing irkſome unto the Deer Liſle, he beſought himſelf how he might eſcape out of the Land of Britain into ſome other Country. "But
 "quoſt he into what Country ſhall I go: ſhall I go into Swedland: no: why: firſt and ſo moſt becauſe
 "that in that place the Winters are long and the Summers are ſhort. Secondly, becauſe the Summers
 "are ſhort and the Winters are long. Thirdly and
 "laſtly, becauſe it is an unfortunate Country; and
 "they can never keep what they get, which is too much
 "my own condition. As for France and Spain they be
 "Kingdomes, which are no places for me: for even as
 "the Stoꝝk delighteth in Common-wealths; even ſo do
 "I. So I will go into Egypt, for that is a pleaſant
 "Country, and becauſe the people of that Country be
 "of my own Religion, and there lived the Jewes, of
 "whoſe number was Achan, from whom I am lineally
 "deſcended by the Fathers ſide: and though there be
 "no Kings, yet there be Tyrants, who are men after
 "my own heart; And I will go into Egypt becauſe of
 "the Red ſea, for ye muſt know that I have been bred
 "up near Red ſea moſt part of my liſe, and was a maker of Red ſea my ſelf; Therefore as it is the nature of Ducks, Teal, and Mallard to frequent the
 "ſhores of great Rivers, as alſo of the Ocean, and
 "as it is the nature of the Soland Gerſe to build about
 "the impregnable Iſland of the Baſe, ſo doth it agree
 "with my deſire to inhabit near the Red ſea.

CHAP. II.

Yet of the Seer Lisse, and of other things.

When he had thus fortified his mind with the Variations of Constancy, and Rampires of Resolution, so that it was impossible to force it with the Interperces of Perswasion; he then bethought himself which might be the best way to conceal himself in his flight. Hereupon he entred into a very great Consultation, and debate concerning what was to be done with the Sable-browd-Inchantresse, and other of his Friends; some were of opinion that he should wrap himself in a Lyons skin, and so walk to the sea-shore upon all four; But this enterprise was left off, because that after they had tryed the Sage three or four times, they found him very insufficient to roar, of which there was an exceeding great necessity, if the Country people should come too near to view or handle him as he went along. But there was nothing that pleas'd him so well as the way which last of all he devised with himself, which was to put on a Periwig and a Beard of Camels hair, for quoth he a Camel is a Beast that beareth great burthens, and I bear a great burthen of woe and misery, and therefore since I must carry this great burthen, it is fit that I should be as like a Camel as I may. Then did the Sable-browd-Inchantress send away incontinently three Spirits Rim-bombo, Nachor, and Rantantamboro into Arabia to fetch away the tails of 4 Camels, who went and came in less than a quarter of an hour, for they went as if the Wind had drove them, which is 10000. mile in a minute. When the Sable-browd-Inchantress had the Camels tails in her possession, then did she with wonderful Art

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frame thereof a certain large Perewig, the locks where-
of reached down to his middle, and it was very grace-
ful and comely to behold. Now when the Sage had put
it on, he and the Enchantress communed together in this
wise. Quoth he, most renowned Mariana, for so was
the Sable browd-Enchantress nam'd, who do I now look
like : for certes it cannot be that I should be taken for
who I am indeed. So quoth she, my most worthy
Seer ; It is for thy sake that I have run my self into
very great hazards, nor would I by any means that
after all the pain which I have taken, that thy face
should be no whit alter'd ; But be thou assured that the
Gods have prosper'd my undertakings, for thou lokest
not like thy self, but thou lokest even like Hector of
Troy ; Most assuredly I could like Circe have chang'd
thee into a Swine, but I thought it better that thou
shouldst look rather like Hector than a Hog. Most cour-
teous Enchantress replied the Seer, I can never end
celebrating your most high and more than humane Art,
especially in the curling of my Perewig, which is done
with so much art that I never saw the like in all my life.
Gentle Seer, replied the Enchantress, know right well,
that so great is the respect which I bear unto thee, both
in respect of the kindnesse which I have receiv'd from
thee, and which thou hast afforded unto my Damselfs,
that I would not thou shouldst want any assistance that
I can afford thee. Wherefore now I call it to mind,
there is one Gyges, who is in great esteem with the fa-
mous Sir Pluro Knight of the Infernal Shades, who hath
a Ring, the vertue whereof is such, that he who ever
wears the same shall walk invisible ; What quoth the
Seer would be of great advantage unto me, and I
would when I had made use of it return it unto Sir
Gyges with all possible speed, and the choicest of my
courteous thanks. Hereupon Rimbombo, Nachor, and
Rantantamboro were again dispatch'd unto Sir Gyges, to
desire

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besse him in the name of the Sable-browd-Enchantress; that he would in courtesie lend her his Ring, the which had such excellent vertue, that she might pleasure a distressed Knight who was one of her Friends, who had great occasion thereof. Sir Gyges replied that he was alwayes courteous unto distressed Knights, and had no less respect to the Sable-browd-Enchantress, so that he was right sorry that he could not do as she desired, for that he had lost the Ring that she sent for most unfortunately; for having left it off one morning when he went to wash his hands, the Damself of the Castle swept it away, and threw it among the rubbish out of the Castle gates. When the Sage Lisle and the Enchantresse heard this, they were right sorry, and were ready to weep for the anguish that fell upon their Spirits. But quoth the Sable-browd-Enchantresse, since I cannot have that, I will try my Spels for another. So she prepared all things in a readinesse, and first she drew a large long Circle, which was the strangest that ever was seen. In the midst of this Circle they placed a Bed, the which had never been laid in before, into which the Sage Lisle was commanded to enter, and put himself naked between the Sheets. When the Enchantresse sitting down upon the Bed side, uttered several Charms in the Slavonian language, at the end whereof there arose from the four corners of the wind, four black Horses, with Spirits on their backs, in the Shape of Ponkeys, who demanded of the Enchantresse what was her pleasure, who presently commanded them to fetch unto her one of the Pumpes of the Hesperian Orchard, who presently hurri'd away with such a Tempest as made the Earth to shake like an Aspin leaf; at the noise whereof the Mountains hop'd and danced up and down, making a noise like the chopping of Hot-herbs; but they appeared again in the twinkling of an eye together with the Damself, who seemed

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seemed unto the eye as plump as a Partridge, and as round as a Queen Apple. Being come, the Enchantresse caused her to be laid in the Bed, by the side of the Sage Lise, then drawing the Curtains and telling the Seer, that if he us'd the fair Virgin well, that he should have his hearts desire. She departed out of the Room. Now when the Seer and the Virgin were alone in Bed together, they enjoyed one the other all that night in a most pleasant wise, so that the fair Philotheta for so was the Virgin called, having received great content from the Seer Lise; quoth she, I am the happiest person in the world, for I thought when I dyed, that I should have lost all the pleasures of this earth, but thou hast given me new satisfaction, when I thought I should never have enjoyed the sweet solace of a man more. For to tell thee truth, right worthy Seer, I am the Soul of a Poulterers Wife, who when my Husband broke, was preferred by the Charity of such Knights as frequented this Castle, to which I was daily invited by the Enchantresse, how I came hither again, I know not, however I have reason to give thee thanks for the marvelous courtesies which thou hast afforded to me this night, so pulling off a Ring which she wore upon her thumb, she gave it him, desiring him to accept it as a token of her love, and having so said, she immediately vanished out of his sight. When he had thus obtain'd the Ring, he found there was one thing more which would be a great hindrance unto him, which was the tediousness of the Journey, by reason of certain great Cornes which he had upon his feet; wherefore calling unto him again Dame Mariana, the Black-browd-Enchantresse, they thereupon entered into new debates, and at length she resolved to make him a flying Charriot. It was made of the Cable of a Sea Mare four months gone, which she caus'd to be kill'd in the night, three minutes past the first hour the Sun entering into the Oriental Nadir, for
being

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being taken from the Sea Mare at that nick of time
though it were as light as a feather, it became as hard
as steel. The frame thereof was like a Sedan, the
Poles thereof were smaller than the smallest Needles.
Now the Inchantresse having prepared all things ready,
took the Seer and put him into the Chariot, together
with a Bottle of Aniseed-water, and four Tavern Bis-
kets; then she embraced and kissed the Seer, and hug'd
him, giving unto him a Bird-Call, telling him that he
should soon find the vertue thereof, and bidding him with-
all be sure that he never left whistling till he came into
Egypt. And indeed so cunningly had she charmed this
Bird-Call, that as soon as the Seer began to whistle, there
came four Ostriches, which placing themselves under
the four Poles of the Chariot, spread their wings, and
being mounted high into the Air, steered their course di-
rectly to the Land of King Pharaoh. The Inchantress
with heavy sorrow look'd after him, till the noise of other
Knights knocking at her Castle Gate called her to look
after her other affairs.

CHAP. III.

How the Gyant Hufonio went to seek a Den and a Moun-
tain, and what happened thereupon.

NAY by my faith quoth the Gyant Hufonio, for I
maunot tarry any longer in the Land of Brittain,
seeing that the enchanted Castles are all pull'd down,
and the Sun despying Forrests are all rooted up by the
fyrty Tyrants. Oh this Brittain has been an old swim-
mer of Gyants; for there were Gyants that inhabited
therein of yore, but there came a people out of the East,
who did so lam-baste their great sides, that they were
enforced to leave their Habitations: Certes even so is

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it now with me. When he had uttered these speeches, he called for an Astrologer and a Book of Maps.



Then quoth he unto the Astrologer, where is the greatest Mountain in the World, and where may I be most likely to find a Den? The Astrologer erstwhiles reply'd, that men of his Profession did not look after Mountains in this World: but if he would go into the World of the Moon, he could shew him Mountains enough, with Dens ready furnished with Turkey Chairs and Couches of right curious Workmanship. When the Giant Hueson heard that, he wared exceeding wrath, and took the Astrologer upon the palm of his hand, and thrust him into his mouth, as you would put a brown Loaf into an Oven

Then, with a Peel. Quoth he to the Soer or Astrologer, either find me out a better Mountain and a Den, or tarry there, for till that time thou shalt have no other Study but this; and therefore sit thee down upon one of the Stumps of my teeth, and consider of it. Now you must know that the Astrologer being so near his ears could not choose but put many things therein: Among the rest he put therein a certain great and puissant Flea: Hoh quoth the Gyant, what's that? It is replied the Astrologer, the Spirit Pipantabor, who is to conduct thee in the Roads and in thy Journeys. When he heard that, he was well pleas'd, for he was right well contented therewith, although many times it tickled him full sore. But it now was high time for the Gyant to take up his Pack, for that he was inform'd of the hot pursuit which the Loyal Knight made after him, whom he dzeaded more than the Dove doth the Eagle. Therefore the Gyant incontinently took his Club, and thrust it into a Ring which was as big about as a Charrlot Wheel, whereunto was fastened a Cloak-bag, which was near a quarter of a mile about, and a quarter of a mile in length; for it was as thick as it was long, and as long as it was thick; when he had so done, he laid his Club upon his Shoulder, and his Pack hung behind like a Hare upon a Hunters Stafte; Then putting one legge before another, he began his Journey, praying for a good successe all the way as he went unto the Spirit Pipantabor, in this manner.

'O thou mighty Pipantabor, who dwellest in the car
'of a great Gyant, yet fearest not the quagmires of war
'which are therein, hearken unto my words, and listen
'to my sayings, as a Chambermaid listens to hear the
'private discourse of her Master and Mistress. If thou
'say'st thou dost not hear me thou liest, neither art thou
'the mighty Pipantabor; And if thou say'st I cannot
'hear thee, thou liest yet more, for art not thou locally

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'in my ear, and close by the Timpamuci thereof, which
 'by reberberation, communicateth sounds unto the
 'brain: Therefore thou must and shalt hear me: But
 'what would I have thee do? Why I would have thee
 'to shew me a Mountain and a Den; yea I say unto
 'thee, shew me a Mountain and a Den, where the loy-
 'al Knight may not find me out, and I shall sacrifice un-
 'to thee for thy pain, an Hecatomb of black-livered Dice,
 'well fatted with humane Blood. If thou dost not,
 'thou

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thou art neither civil nor courteous, for what Guest will not be kind to his Host who hath entertained him and given him harbour, as I have done unto thee.

Having uttered these words he came unto the Sea, the which he waded through, though in many places thereof it was a full Inch above his Chin: Neither was it altogether without Impediment, as ye shall hear afterwards. For ye must know that he could not wade over so suddenly, but that there befel him a certain accident, the which it was this. Neptune and his Wife Thetis, having been at supper with King Eolus, were coming home late, attended by many Tritons and Permaids of Honour: when by the multitude of the Torches that attended them, they discovered the Gyant, which was to them an unusual sight; seeing such a monstrous Gyant, with such a monstrous Cloakbag at his back. Certainly quoth Neptune unto Thetis our House is rob'd; Then Thetis also espying him, cry'd out, O quoth she my best Wason and Siver, what shall I do for it. Neptune seeing his Wife so much concern'd, thought it no time to dally; therefore out of the Charriot he comes; Which when the Gyant Halonio beheld, and saw also by the looks of him that he was plague-mad, he resolv'd to take what advantage he could. and therefore squeezing his Hypochondrions he let such a fart as blew out all the Torches, then taking his Cloakbag in his right hand, and his Club in his left he put himself into a posture of defence. The fart as it was great so it was strong, and the sent thereof so much offended the Nose of Thetis, that she was not able to endure it; O come away Neptune quoth she, and do not poison thy self and me too; Let my Wason and Siver go to the Devil, so as I may but get out of this stink, I care not. Neptune, unto whom Thetis was always dear; would not displease her but retired; yet in his retreat resolv'ing to have one blow, struck at ran-

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come; Now you must know that Neptunes Space light,
ed upon the Head-piece of Hufonio, which was of Steel;



With so much violence, that through the force thereof,
sparkles of fire issued forth of his said Helmet; The
which lighting upon some of the Torches that were next
set them on a flame; When the Torches were lighted,
Neptune could not hold, he being also inflam'd like his
Torches, with a desire his Theris should see him fight,
wherefore he dings again to the Gyant with mighty
fiercenesse, and boldy in the words of Sir Lancelot thus
bespeaks him,

Lay

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Lay down thy Load Sr. Gyant though.

But to this Hufonio made answer,

My Load's mine own, my Answer's no.

And saying those words, for he feared the multitude that was about him, he sank into the Sea, and letting another most formidable fart, he blew the Sea up in such a manner, that there was a leagues distance from the bottom of the Sea, and bottom of the waters; whereby it came to passe, that the Gyant walked under the Sea as dry as if it had been in his own Dining-room, and so escaped Neptunes fury, until he came unto the Strand of Normania. Right happy was it that this strange adventure fell out; for the people that dwelt near the Sea shore, during this separation which continued twenty four hours, so violent was the force, that was the occasion thereof; greatly enriched themselves with the spoiles of wrecked ships, which had been heaped up by Neptune and his Tritons for their own use many ages before.

I need not tell you how the Gyant Hufonio made him a fire when he came on shore, for what need he make him a fire to dry himself, who walked so dry as he did through the Sea; yet others say he did make a fire, but it was not to dry himself, but to parboyl his supper; which as soon as he came on shore, without much meditation he went to provide. Quoth he, I can do no more my chief in my own Country, therefore I will do it in another; And upon those words he went and cut down a whole Forrest, without considering in the least who was the Landlord, or whether the Landlord held it only for life or in fee. For was it not long ere opportunity put meat into his mouth, as I shall prepare to tell

tell you. There was a certain great Town some leagues distant from the place where the Gyant Hostonio had made his great fire, thither two men and a Boy were carrying a numerous herd of large Oren; The Gyant seeing them coming laugh'd for joy; and when they approached near he took the said Oren one by one, and swallow'd them down whole, and when he had swallow'd them all, he took the two men and the Boy, and swallow'd them also; for quoth he these Knaves may chance to go and raise the Country. When he had swallow'd all the said Oren, he found his stomack indifferent full, which caused in him a desire to rest his bones, which desire caused him to lay himself fall along before the said fire; He had not laid there long but he fell into a deep sleep, which being perceived by one of the men that he had swallow'd, by the terrible snoring that he made, the man not unwilling to miss so notable an opportunity crept out at his mouth, and seeing him so fast asleep, he went in again, and told his fellows thereof, urging the benefit of the occasion, with such a pithy and well ordered speech, he so wrought upon his Companions, that they arose, and with great secrecie drove the Cattel toward his mouth; but coming to his teeth, they found them so close shut, that it was not possible to open them without waking the Gyant, wherefore they were sore afflicted: But what will not the invention of man do, when it is in a streight: for seeing themselves stopp'd here, they bethought themselves that the Gyant had another hole through which they hop'd to passe more securely because it was not so near his ears; whereupon they drove the Oren back again, and searching they found the back passage without any barricado's at all, so that with great content they at length got clear of their prison; when they were got loose they were as merry as Crickets, but the Gyant awaking, quoth he,
 what

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What a huge Stoll have I had, but it was well I had it, for certes at the middle of the night the Dren began to rise plaguilly in my Stomack.

CHAP. IV.

How *Sr. Vane* and *Sr. Lambert* disputed together, and how *Sr. Vane* made *Sr. Lambert* believe that the Moon was made of green Cheese.

NOW you must understand that after the Knight of the Golden Tulip was retaken through the great Courage of the Knight of the Bath, he was secured in the Castle of the Lyons, and eke the Knight of the Mysterious Allegories was there secured also, so that they had often opportunities to discourse together. Now when they saw each they congratulated one another right lovingly; Quoth *Sr. Vane* I am right glad to see you *Sr. Lambert*, though not so glad to see you here, however it is better to be here than in the open Fields, where there is no shelter against the Rain, nor any other kind of storm that should happen, for here we have Houses over our heads, so that if it should rain Dogs and Cats we could have no harm. And by the Masse quoth *Sr. Lambert* you speak right cunningly *Sr. Vane*; And besides this we do not fear to have our Coats trod upon by the Horses of the enraged Charrioters, nor are we in danger to be bruised by those sturdy Gyants yeled Carrmen, nor need we fear to have our Mantles snetch'd from us going late in the direful plain of *Lincolns-Inna*; However Liberty is worth its weight in pure Gold. If that be all replied *Sr. Vane*, comfort thy self *Sr. Lambert*; for this restraint which is put upon us ought to make us e-

them the better of our selves : For experience tells us
 that have lived long in the World, how that men lock
 up their choicest Jewels in the most secure places of
 their Houses ; And you see that though at first the
 Nightingale be mow'd, yet at last she will the King in her
 Cage as pleasantly as in the open Air ; And I pray
 what is the Body but the prison of the Soul : and yet
 our Souls fear nothing more than to be set at liberty.
 When said Sr. Lambert to Sr. Vane, since that we are
 here met so fortunately together, I entreat you to ac-
 cept of a small entertainment from me this night, for
 that I have many things concerning which to confer
 with you ; Most willingly replied Sr. Vane, for that
 your company is right pleasing unto me. When Sup-
 per was brought in, they commanded their Servants to
 depart, for that they intended to be very private. Then
 quoth Sr. Lambert, most renowned Knight of the Myste-
 rious Allegories, methinks that we being Knights
 should not be here without our Ladies : though as for
 mine, I might have the same Opinion of her as Helion
 had of the fair Constanca, because of the reported fami-
 liarity which was between her and the Soldan of Brie-
 tain. As for that replied Sr. Vane, I will shew thee
 many examples of Ladies whose fame hath been blas-
 phem'd, which yet before the end of the King have made a
 shift to rectifie the mistakes between their Knights and
 them. But quoth Sr. Lambert, suppose that may not
 be, but that the error be committed, can that be said to
 concern me any way which was never any pain to me
 in the World, and of which never any part of my body
 was sensible. Then replied the Knight of the Myste-
 rious Allegories, Cuckoldry is a very great mystery, and
 every man understands it not, for true it is, that though
 you be at Gran Cairo, and your Wife be in any part
 of the Land of Brittain, yet at that very moment of
 time that she admitteth a stranger to copulate with her,

shall

shall the intubable Horn find shelter under the thickets of your Forgetop. That quoth Sr. Lambert full hardly can I believe, for that you may as well make me believe the Moon is made of green Cheese. Certes replied Sr. Vane, you are very ignorant; for the thing by which you seek to prove the impossibility of what I averre, is the greatest Argument of the truth thereof. Why quoth Sr. Lambert is the Moon then made of green Cheese: then will I be hang'd. Mark yee, quoth Sr. Vane how you confound your self, and how I shall use your own Arguments against you, for if it be not then will I be hang'd. But have you no other Argument replied Sr. Lambert. Most surely replied Sr. Vane; First because I have said it, whose wisdom by which you have so long been govern'd would receive no small affront, and your self not a little disparage your self, should you not believe me in this thing as well as in other; Then proceeded Sr. Vane saying, know yee then right well Sr. Lambert, that in Metaphysics the Potential difference makes a clear distinction, as falling into an incapacitated sense of the objected Medium. As for example, I say the Moon is made of green Cheese; For green metaphysically distinguished is white, by reason of the objected Medium which is the blew Air; For if you look upon green through a blew Glasse, then it will appear ——— Hereupon Sr. Lambert interrupting him said unto him, what! thou wilt by and by make me believe the Moon is made of blew Cheese. So replied Sr. Vane, for I am no Changling though the Moon be one; I say the Moon is made of green Cheese; For mark ye what I shall say; Behold your Virgins afflicted with the green Sicknesse, they are said to look green, when they are in verity white; We call Cheese green, yet who is such a Goose as doth not perceive them to be many times grey; Wheat is said to be green roasted, when it is all over red with blood; And all the

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Wo:ld that knows what green Fiſh is, knows it to be white. And thus the Spoon being either red, grey, or white, may properly be ſaid to be green; Now that it is a Cheeſe, the Allegorical Configuration of the Supernatural Ideas doth make manifeſt; For you ſee how that a Cheeſe in its Spherical Rotundity waines and waines till it come to be all eaten, and then preſently appears a new Cheeſe; Even ſo you ſee it is with the Spoon, which when it is at its ſmalleſt decrease, that is all eaten up by the Gods, then comes a new Spoon. Whereover do you not ſee holes in a Cheeſe: and did not the Pyromancer Galileo diſcry Holes and Concabittes in the Spoon. When Sr. Lambert heard this, he twiſted his Maſtacho's with his fore finger and thumb, liſtning unto the words of Sr. Vane like unto a Sow in the Beans: But quoth he, Sr. Vane, for all this you tell a ſtrange ſtozy, certes I know not how to believe it. When Sr. Vane heard that, he wared wroth, and ſware by his Gods, that unleſſe he would believe that the Spoon was made of green Cheeſe he would not give his Daughter unto his Son. Sr. Lambert was much appall'd thereat, and incontinently alter'd his Opinion, ſaying that if he would ſwear it he would believe it. When Sr. Vane putting the top of his little Finger upon the top of his Poſe ſware in this following manner.

I Henry Vane, Knight of the Order of Myſterious Allegories, do ſwear by the Smock of Dejanica, that the Moon is made of green Cheeſe, and if it be a lye the Devil confound me.

When Sir Lambert putting his fore finger in his Thap, ſware as followeth.

I Sir Lambert, the valiant Knight of the Golden Tulip, ſwear by the Beard of Hercules, that both directly and indirectly, I do believe that the Moon is made of green Cheeſe, and that it is agreeable to the literal ſence of Allegorical conſolutions.

When

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When they had both swoyn in this manner, they shook hands in most friendly manner; Sir Vane being mightily puffed in his mind for so great a Conquest, went to Bed.

CHAP V.

How Sir. Baxtero, Knight of the Lions, went in quest after Sir Ludlow, Knight of the powdring-Tub, and how he encountered the Gyant Thomabedlamus, and how he prevented the lust of the said Gyant, and afterwards departed toward Assyria.

NOW it fell out that Sir Baxtero having heard how that Sir Ludlow was departed out of Brittain, he made great lamentation and moaning; there be that say how he wept even like a young Damosel, who being sent to the Alehouse, loses her money by the way. I quoth he, is Sir Ludlow departed: then what do I make here? Surely it is to no more purpose for me to stay here, than for an Astrologer to live in an Oven; Alas if he do see the encounter of those Knights that are in pursuit of him, who is as valiant as Hector, how is it possible for me to encounter them, who am so much inferior to him? Now by all the Gods, I am like a man in a Wood, like a man in a Mist, yea in a thick Mist, like a man in a Forest, yea like a man in a thick Forrest. Farewel great mirror of Chivalry; now do not I know whither to go after him, neither is there any one that can tell me: for should he be gone to the South, and I should go to the East, what were I the nearer? Therefore great Fortune be thou my guide, and direct my stick to fall the right way, for I do intend to go that way my stick falls. When greatly perplexed in his soul, he set up his staff, and it fell toward the South-East; When did he incontinently buckle on his Helmet, and bestriding his sturdie Courser,

DON I H A N L A M B E R T O.

Who was ycleped Stanfurd, he picked forward toward the Sea-coast. Now was glittering Phœbus rising with a swift career through the midst of Heaven, causing the hand of the Dial to point to that hour of the day when men in Towns and Cities prepare to satisfy their hunger, when the Knight of the Lyons, weary with long travel, laid him down under the shadow of a spreading Oak, nor was it long ere the cares of his mind hung plummetts upon his eye-lids, which were clos'd thereby so close together, that you could not thrust the point of a needle between them, by which you may guesse that he was fast asleep. But Fortune that intended nothing lesse than to let him sleep, was resolv'd to awaken him, for loe, the Giant Thomabedlamus full of high soaring thoughts, set his bugle to the corner of his mouth, and blew such a blast, as if all the Bulls of Bala had been roaring together; all the Trees in the Forrest shok for fear, and bow'd their lofty heads as they are wont to do when blustering Boreas comes in the Devils name among them to gather Acornes. Now you must know this, or else you know nothing, that the fair Damozel, ycleped Tatterdemallion, was fled from the rage of the cruel wight her Father, who had as she said, and the story doth also averre, sent her to pick Walles, for that she had yfilded up her Maiden head too inconsiderately to Kilmaddox the Knight of the Bloody Cleaver: Long had she wandered, so that her feet look'd like clarry'd whey, and she panted like a broken-winded-horse, clamb'ring up the Bing Ludd's Mountain: Sometimes as she sat, she pick'd the gravel out of her feet, for the Author of the History saith, that she was very sore by reason of the same; sometimes she was in chase of certain evil creatures, ycleped Fleas, that did belacerate her snaky bosom, which caused those Ivory Mountains to be displayed unto the view of burning Phœbus, so that whoever was near her might discern the beauty of her nakedness,

DON IUAN LAMBERTO.

nesse, and the nakednesse of her beauty, without the
 perspective Glass of Tychobrahe. Now you must know
 that the Gyant Thomabedlamus as he was leaning over
 a high Wall into the green platt, whereas the distressed
 Damosel sat, espied her in this condition and posture:
 now wot ye well when he saw her, that he was in a great
 Agonie, for his goggle eyes roll'd up and down, and the
 drifell ran down his Beard for joy, for that the Lady
 was passing beautifull; but he did not study to woo her
 with Love-verses, neither did he sigh for sorrow, neither
 did he beat his breast, or make complaints of her disdain,
 for said he to himself, is not this Forrest mine, and all
 that is therein? Then who shall give me any distur-
 bance? Seeing that there is no Knight so hardy who
 dares approach these enchanted Shades, I will enjoy
 this Damosel as many times as there be leaves in this
 Forrest, for that she pleaseth me wondrous well; Then
 the Gyant rushed in unto her, and said, Hast fair Damosel,
 if thou wilt yield unto me I will do thee no harm;
 whenas she beheld so great a Gyant, she squeaked right
 effeminately, and made such a loud yell, as she had been
 a young Grayhound ty'd up in her Kennel. Then the
 Gyant bespake her, saying, squeek not fair Damosel so
 loud, for thou squeakest in vain. Alas quoth she, Sir
 Gyant, it is time for me to squeek, when thou seekest to
 cropp my Virgin-flower; Then quoth the Gyant, tell
 me not of thy Virgin-flower, What signifieth thy flower,
 or thy Virgin-flower to me? we Gyants never consi-
 der them at all. When the Damosel heard him speak
 so terribly, the blood forsook her pale cheeks, and though
 her feet were so sore, as we told you before, yet she as-
 sayd to run away, but the Gyant catching her about the
 waist, laid his great paw upon her corral lipps, and
 stopp'd her mouth, beginning to deal with her as men
 deal with Curtizans at Venice. The Damosel finding
 her mouth stopp'd, made a noise like a Pig that is grasp'd
 about

about the Snout. Now you must know that the Knight of the Lyons, being as we said, awakened out of his sleep, heard the noise which came out of the Damosels Nose, her mouth being stoppt, at which he greatly marvelled, so; he wondered what it should be; Peeping therefore through the bushes, he saw the Gyant and the Damosel together, and how the Gyant tumbled the Damosel, as



Children tumble great Snow-balls in the streets. Although the Knight of the Lyons, certes this fair Damosel must needs be in a peck of troubles, but how to relieve her I cannot tell, for if I should assay to strappe his Jacket, and he should carry my Coat, than were the Damosel and I both in a worse condition than before. How ever great pity it is that she should suffer, and great shame for me to let her. And having said these words, he rushed in upon the Gyant, and ere that he could be aware of him, and as the story saith, while he was at remembrance, he gave him such a remembrance upon the small of the back, that had he not been a Gyant, most certainly he had broken his chine. The Gyant was here-
upon

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upon in great wrath; Could you blame him? but finding himself so weak by reason of the stroke, that he could not go, he spatt at the Knight of the Lyons, and spatt so violently in his face, that he had almost beaten the Knight of the Lyons backward; But the Knight of the Lyons recovering himself, saw how that his Tassel gentle lay like a byzoge between his belly and the fair Damosel, wherefore without delay, with a courage Monsieur, he smote thereon so hardly, that he cut it in twain, as it had been a silken thread, and the sword glancing along, took away also one half of his Testicles, as you would slit a Walnut in twain, the pain thereof made the Gyant Thomabedlamus to roar like any Lyon. Ay me, quoth he, hard hearted Girl, now by all the Gods I do curse thee from the bottom of my heart to the bottomless pit of the infernal shades. When the Knight of the Lyons had performed this adventure, he departed toward the Land of Assyria, but because he was hard pursu'd by the Loyal Knight, he changed his upper garments to Palmers grey, the best means to passe without molestation.

CHAP. VI.

How Sir Ludlojus Knight of the green Powdring Tub, was hid under a Tree, and so escaped his enemies because of a Bird.

AND it fell on a day, how that Sir Ludlojus Knight of the green Powdring Tub, was riding all alone toward the Land of Assyria, which being heard at the Court of the King of Brittain, several Knights were sent to pursue him, and take him; and certes they pursued him right sorely, for he was much hated by them; but when the Knight of the green Powdring Tub saw them

DON IUAN LAMBERTO.

coming, his heart was almost drowned in fear, and his lungs had e'ne forgot to what purpose they were made: Alas quoth he unfortunate Knight, what wilt thou do? If thou runnest for it, thou wilt certainly be overtaken, and wilt only give thy enemies the mirth of a pleasant Chase. And why should'st thou hazard thy life by staying, which kind Fortune may save? Then seeing no other remedy, he cast himself from his Horse, and peeping about, he espy'd a Bush, and crept therein; for the Wood was very thick there. Now when his enemies came to seek him there, they could not find him, but they saw a Bird sit on a Tree, the which Bird men call an Owl, and then said they that there was no man, for the Bird sat there; and so they went away. So when sable night had curtain'd the world in darkness, he proceeded on his journey, and from that time unto this day, it is said that Sir Ludlojus hath that Bird in great reverence, and worships it above all other Birds in the world.

CHAP. VII.

How the Gyant Okey wandered up and down the world in great terrour, and how he was afterwards found in a Wood by the Soldan of Britain's Daughter, in whose presence he slew himself, with other accidents that after happened.

You do well remember that when the Christian Champions had discomfited the Host of the meek Knight, as also of the forty Tyrants, that the disloyal Gyant Okey secretly fled, partly out of anger for the loss, partly for the preservation of his life. So in great grief and terrour of Conscience he wandered like a fugitive up and down the world, sometimes rememb'ring of his past prosperity,

prosperity, and sometimes thinking upon the Rape that he had committed and how he had sorely afflicted several Knights who were thrown into his power by the Perromancer Hugo Petros. Sometime his guilty mind imagined, that the bleeding Ghost of the good King of Britain, whom he had murdered, followed him up and down, haunting him with fearful exclamations, and filling each corner of the earth with clamours of revengement. Such fear and ferour raged in his soul, that he thought all places where he travelled, were filled with multitudes of Knights, and that the strength of Countries pursued him, to heap vengeance upon his guilty head for those wrongs that he had wrought, whereby he cursed the hour of his birth, and blamed the cause of his creation, wishing the Fates to consume his body with a flash of fire. In this manner he travelled up and down, filling all places with echoes of his grief, which brought him into such, that many times he would have slain himself.

But it happened that one morning very early, by the first light of Ticans burning Torch, he entered into a narrow and freight passage, which conducted him into a very thick and solitary Forrest, wherein he travelled, till such time as glistering Phoebus had pass'd the half part of his journey. And being weary with the long way, and the great weight of his Armour, he sat him down, and began anew to have in remembrance his former committed cruelty; and complaining of Fortune, he thus published his grief, for seeing himself without remedy he resolved like the Swan, to sing a while before his death, and so thinking to give ease to his tormented heart, he warbled forth these verses following.

Mournful Melpomene approach with speed,
And shew thy sacred face with tears bespent,
Let all thy Sisters hearts with sorrow bleed,
To hear my plaints, and rueful discontent;

DON JUAN LAMBERTO.

And with your moans, sweet Muses all assist
My mournful Song, that doth on woe consist.

Time wears out life, it is reported so,
And so it may, I will it not deny,
Yet have I try'd, and by experience know,
Time gives no end to this my misery ;
But rather Fortune, Time, and Fates agree,
To plague my heart with woe eternally.

Ye Silvian Nymphs that in these Woods do shrowd,
To you my mournful sorrows I declare ;
You Savage Satyrs let your ears be bow'd
To hear my woe your nimble selves prepare,
Trees, Herbs, and Flowers, in Rural Fields that grow,
Are never troubled with such lasting woe.

You furious beasts that feed on Mountains high,
And restless run with rage your prey to find,
Draw near to him whose brutish cruelty
Hath crott the budde of Virgins chaste and kind,
I know no means to yield my heart relief,
'Tis only death which can dissolve my grief.

When as I think upon my pleasures past,
Now turn'd to pain, it makes me rue my state ;
And since my joy with woe is overcast,
O Death give end to my unhappy state ;
For only death will lasting ease provide,
Where living thus, I sundry deaths abide,

Wherefore all you that hear my mournful Song,
And tasted have the grief that I sustain ;
All lustful Murderers that have done wrong,
With tear-fill'd eyes assist me to complain ;
All that have being, do my being hate,
Crying, haste, haste, this Wretches dying state.

This

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This sorrowful Song being ended, he laid himself all along upon the green grasse, closing up the Closets of his Eyes, in hope to repose himself in a quiet sleep, in which silent Contemplation we will leave him a while, and return to Mistress Francisca, the Soldan of Britains Daughter; For she was beloved by two right famous Knights, Sr. Reynoldo, the valiant Knight of the Castle Dunkirkum, and the young Knight of the Flaming Fan, ycleped Don Ricco, who both did greatly contend for her; But it so fell out, that Sr. Reynoldo was drowned in the green Ocean; for he went about to fly over the Sea, but he could not; for either his Wings were too short or too long, or else something else was the matter, for it so happen'd that he failed in his enterprise; Now when Sr. Reynoldo was dead, Don Ricco did incontinently enjoy his Love; but he was likewise bewitched by the cruel Pockyhora, who was the most notable Enchantresse of her time, and so he dyed like wise. Whereupon the beautiful Mistress Francisca made great moans and lamentations, but it was all to no purpose; therefore she departed secretly from her Fathers Court, for that she was made believe by the Enchantresse Pockyhora, how that Don Ricco was not dead, but was gone to pursue an Adventure in the Court of the King of Morocco, against two Knights of the Peliter Springe who had right sorely abused him; Now in her Travels she wander'd over Hills and Dales, over Mountaines and Valleys, and one Night among all the rest she lay in a Gravel-pit all night, and as she lay asleep, a right vehement Shower fell from Heaven and moistned her garments to her Oriental skin, then she arose and rung her lilly white smock, and so she went on her way; And at length she came to the Forrest, where the disloyal Giant Okey lay under a Chestnut Tree: Now when they beheld each other, they greeted one another in a most wonder-

ful manner, and the Gyant would have lain with her; but she refused, saying that she was not in a condition to do any such thing. Then said the Gyant unto her in the name of all the Gods what make you here? to which she replied, I pray Sr, Gyant what make you here? Oh quoth the Gyant, I am stult up with sorrow; And I quoth the Lady, am almost stifled with woe. Oh quoth the Gyant than surely our Cases are both alike; Certes quoth the Lady, they are so, even just so like as Fourpence is to a Groat. Then the Gyant would have persuaded her to have slain him; but she refused, bidding him to do it himself, for she said, that the Soldan of Brittain had never byed her up to be any bodies servant. The Gyant hearing her words was right so; rowful, and lay still a good space as he had been in a Trance, but anon rising up again, and staring about him, some three or four times, there he is quoth he, and then he ran with great fury towards the Body of a great Oak that stood hard by, for he took it to be the Knight of the Black Armour; Accursed Wight quoth he, now shalt thou pay for all thy Villanies, and so saying he struck so violently against the Tree with his Iron Space, that he brake it all in shivers: How quoth the Gyant, art thou able to bear so great a blow, and yet stand? Certes I will cast thee down to the ground esteemes, and tread out thy guts: And having said those words he ran his head so violently against the Tree, thinking to have boyn down the Knight of the Black Armour with the weight of his Body, that with the force of the blow he dash't out his own brains; Ah quoth the Gyant, Sr. Knight right valiantly thou hast overcome me; yet I could have wish'd thou might'st have fallen likewise; And anon he groan'd like an expiring Whale, and then he gap'd so wide, that his Chaps were almost a quarter of a Mile asunder, and then his Soul went forth in the Shape of a Sea-horse, but whither I wot not.

CHAP. VIII.

How the Arch-Priest Hugo Petros, made love unto the fair Dolcomona, who was married to Kilmaddox Knight of the Bloody Cleaver, and of the Letter which he wrote unto her, and what happned thereupon.

NOW you must understand that in Londinium there lived an Arch-Priest who was ccleped Hugo Petros; to him had the Soldan of Brittain given large possessions, and did oft times discover unto him his bosome thoughts; This made him rich, and his riches made him insolent, he was also greatly lustful, so that he never looked upon any Damsel that was fair but he lusted after her. Now it hapned on a day, that he went to buy Offerings for his Paynim God, the which it was ccleped Greedy-Colon, which he worshipt more than any other God; and as he was buying his said Offering, he chanced to espie the fair Dolcomona Wife to Sr. Kilmaddox Knight of the Bloody Cleaver; She was sitting under a Bolwer, with a Fan in her hand made of an old Beaver wherewith she kept off the Flies from the Sacrifices; Her Face it was full fairly fat, and her Arms were plump and round like two Collars of Brason, her Cheeks were as red as scarlet, and her Eyes were like the eyes of a Ram, her Fingers were thick and small, and at her side hung a large Pouch, and the Keys of Sr. Kilmaddox's Castle. Now when the Arch-Priest beheld her, he was marvellously enamoured on her, and greatly desired for to enjoy her; many opportunities he sought, and many he failed of: Wherefore with a heart full of despair, and much wasted, for that the Fat thereof was almost dript away, through the heat of those flames that continually toller

ft. he went to the Knight of the Sack-but, who dwelt in a Castle close by, and besoze the Gate of his Castle there was a Ship which hung in the Air by Magick Art, and when men saw that ship, then they said one to another, this is the Castle of the Knight of the Sack-but. To him the Arch-Priest disclosed all the secrets of his heart desiring his assistance withall. The Knight of the Sack-but replied right courteously, that he was ready to serue him to the uttermost of his power; For do I imagine quoth he, that the fair Dolcomona hath a heart so stony which will not be broken by the Hammer of thy Eloquence. When the Arch-Priest heard him say so, he was much comforted, and determin'd to giue her notice of his love in the most passionate lines, the tenor whereof were as follows.

Most incomparable *Dolcomona*,

I Am both your Servant and your Chaplain, I beseech you not to stop your ears, for that I am burnt up in affection toward your fair person, but rather to set them wide open to hear my rude lines; For you must know most redoubted Lady, that the beauty of your admirable person, and the supernatural form wherein you are fram'd and composed, hath even ravish'd my spirits, broken my heart, split my whole fences insunder, and quite bereft me of all rest both day and night, and only with doting on your peerlesse beauty; Again fair Lady my meat, drink, manners, yea and my very countenance, they all plead at the Bar of thy fair Face, and resplendant Countenance; If you refuse me, denying these my unrestful thoughts, I can look for nothing but present death, nay I rather

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ther covet therein to be locked fast as in a prison,
than receive denial from your fair lips. O most
fair, most courteous, most amiable, gentle, and al-
so right youthful Lady, be not thou the cause that
I should determine my life by losing your love,
but rather grant what I desire, and thereby make
me for ever yours in hearty affection. If you urge
how I dare offend the Gods by this unlawful act?
To that fair Lady I answer, that I am one of the
Vicars of the Gods upon Earth, and therefore it
wholly rests in my power to absolve you from
your sins, and enjoyn you penance, which trust
me Lady shall be very easie, so you will grant me
your love.

When the Arch-Bishop sealed up this Letter, and gave
it the Knight of the Sack-but, and he gave it to the
doughty Squire, who was called Anonanonfir, charg-
ing him that he should deliver it into the hands of the fair
Lady Dolcomona, with as much privacy as could be im-
agined. But sometimes the Fates will not permit
those things to come to pass, which men do in their own
thoughts contrive. For Dr. Kilmaddox seeing the
Squire whisper in the fair Dolcomona's ear, with an an-
gry Countenance demanded the cause of the Squires
coming; He ask'd him what that was to him? Then
Dr. Kilmaddox struck her so hard upon the Cheek that
he had almost stunn'd her, whereupon she cried out
murder with a loud voice; after that she ran with a
great surp out of the doors, with one of her teeth in her
hand, which Dr. Kilmaddox had struck out of her head,
bowing in great wrath to be revenged on him. So she
went to the Castle of the Knight of the Sack-but, and
instantly the Squire waited on her up to the Arch-

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Wilest, When the Arch Wilest beheld her, he ran
unto her and embraced her, and kissed her so hard, that



He cried out through the anguish of the pain: What
alleviates the joy of my life quoth the Arch-Wilest: Alas
replied the fair Dolcomona, the cruel Sr. Kilmaddox
know'd hate slain me, raging with jealousy. Now by
the Gods quoth the Arch-Wilest, if I were a Knight I
would slay him my self, but I will hire one that shall do
it: and that shall be all one; Whereupon the Arch-
Wilest went and hired the Knight of the Coal-wharfe,
who was a right good Knight, and he went and fought
with Sr. Kilmaddox, and killed him straightway. When
was the Arch-Wilest right glad, and he said to the fair
Dolcomona,

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Dolcomona, let us now enjoy those pleasures which with so much hazard we have purchased; which when she had readily consented to, because they would be private, he carried her forth in a Chariot toward the Forest of Maribona; Now was scorching Phoebus raging in the midst of Heaven, when these two loving Couple laid themselves down under the shade of a spreading Chestnut Tree; nor was it long ere the Arch-Priest raging with Concupiscence, began the combat of love; when a Country Swain searching for some Cattel that he had lost, espied them at their sport: When the Swain ran presently and called others that were hard by, and when they came, they were right joyful to see what they saw, for the Arch-Priest was ill belov'd of all the people of Brittain. When the Arch-Priest saw that he was so surpris'd, he withdrew his File from the Iron, and rising on his feet, cryeth he, My good friends, first read ye the lives of the holy Fathers, and then condemn me if you think fit to the Gallows, it was Pluto in my shape, and with my voice that hath done this mischief, and not I, for the Arch-Priest of Brittain could do no such evil. However it was related abroad, and believ'd for a truth, so that the Arch-Priest suffered great Infamy thereupon.

CHAP. IX.

How the Necromancer Scoto seeing the devices of the Forty Tyrants to fail, would have raised up the Devil to his Assistance.

The night was as dark as black pitch, and a thick Mist covered the face of the Skie, so that a man could in no wise have seen the Stars, though he had the eyes of the quick sighted Lynceus, when a dark cloud of melancholy

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Tancholy thoughts enveloped the brow of Scoto the Necromancer. Thus, quoth he, in former time, so long as Fortune smiled upon me, one of the chief Commanders of the Land of Britain, but now pale be the brightness of the clear Sun, and cover the earth with everlasting darkness; Skies torn to pitch, Elements to flaming fire; roar Bell, quake Earth, swell Seas, blast Earth, Rocks rend in twain, for now will I try the utmost of my Magick Spells, for men do fall me, therefore Devils must help me. So he got him a great Hoop, made of black Ebony, and ty'd it round about with long thead Laces. In the midst thereof he stood, yclad in a vestment of Seagrass perpetuana, on his head he had a Past-board Hat, covered with a green Case, oyle, his loins were girt about with a Circle made of Bulls pizles, enchanted by Magick Art, at the first peeping of the new Moon; before his back he wore a plate of Linn, where-



on was pictur'd a Gorgon head. Then he muttered a hundred and ten hard words, as fast as he could tumble them

them out of his mouth, and read a whole Sermon, made by the Deer Strong, the which he had written in Characters of Short hand. When the Devil heard that, he was greatly amazed, not knowing what it meant, for that it was one of the latest inventions among Portals. When he came unto the Deer Scoto, and said unto him, what wouldst thou have thou vain fool: get thee about thy businesse, and come to me when I call for thee, which will be very suddenly: with that he departed, but whither I wot not.

CHAP. X,

How a certain Vandell, ycleped Vennero, came to Londinum, and defied all the Christians; and how his fury was abated.

NOW you must know that in those daies, there lived a Wandall in a wood, who was hight Vennero, for when he was boyn, his mother left him in this wood, being pursued by two blood-thirsty Satyrs, who would have done something to her, that it seems she would not have them do. Now being so left there, this fairest young Wandall, was suckled by a wild Mare, and he grew up, and fed upon the Barkes of trees; now it came to passe, that in processe of time there came a Christian wandering to the wood, and he rushed forth, and slew him, and drank up his blood, and liked it wondrous well, so that he desired to have a whole Ocean salt, some to keep in Hogheads, for the winter, and some to dray out in Boties for the summer; When they told him if he would go into the City of Londinum and kill Christians, he might have as much as he would drink; with that he pulled up a hollow Oak by the roots, and cut therein holes for his Armes, and it was unto him as a

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Coat of Male; Then he came unto the City of Londinum in great wrath; for he swore that he valued the Christians no more than Butchers Dogs valued Rubles. So as I told you before, he pres'd into the City of Londinum by Night, and then the Folk were all charmed up with the Charmes of Morpheus; But when they rose in the Morning to go about their businesse. they had better have kept themselves in their warm Bede, for why? Why because this cruel Mandal met them, as they came out of their Doors, and destroyed them; And when he had so destroyed them, he eat them without either Capers or Sampire. What a disturbance this bred in the City of Londinum you may well conceive. When these tidings came to the Eares of the Christian Knights, they resolved to purchase Fame with the



Blod of this Mandal; Many other rewards were also promis'd to him that should vanquish; beside that of Fame, by the fair Dames of Londinum, as Webers, new Suits, Purfes of Gold, Nights lodgings, and the like; for they would have given any thing at that time

DON JUAN LAMBERTO.

time to have been rid of this Wandal. There came Don Contumeliano the Knight of Fortune, but the Wandal effsones laid him upon the cold Earth, and then saw'd off his Eares with the rough end of a Bone of a Strloyn of Bæf. Then there was the Knight of the Blew Apron, and then there was the mighty Vulcan, with twenty grim Cyclops's besides, and they laid upon his Head, as they us'd to hang their Anvils, when they made the Arimour of Achilles; But the Wandal was mad to hear such a noise about his Eares; which caus'd him so to lay about him, that his Enemies fell betoze him like mow'd Barley. Then fear came upon the peop'le of Londinum, and they knew not what to do; At length some wiser than some, caus'd great Trapps to be made like Mouse-Trapps, which they set in the Stræt, having first baited them with Bread and Cheese, but the cunning Wandal took away the Bread and the Cheese, and yet the Trapp fell not down, for he made no more of the Trapp, than St. George made of an Enchanted Castle. Which when Don Crispiano the Knight of the Golden List perceiv'd, he gave the Wandal so fierce an Encounter, that the Wandal lost his Strirups, and had fallen, but that he held by his Horse's peck; for he now had got him a Horse, but how I am not able to inform you. But for Don Crispiano, he measured his length on the Ground, and his Shield was taken from him; Then the Wandal demand'd his name, but he answer'd, he had no other name than the Knight of the Golden List. The next that sat upon him, was the Knight of the Eagle; so call'd; for that the Castle where he liv'd, was known by that sign. The Wandal and he right valiantly conch'd their Sphæars, and the first course prov'd so valiant, that these Sphæars wither'd all in splinters. Each Combatant perceiv'ing Valour to brandish on the top of his Helmet, they thought fit to make a pause.

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pause. Right valiant Mortal, quoth the Vandal, I am glad that I have met with thee, for thou seemest to be right strong, but for all this, I care not a Button for thee; th' other bout I'm resolved to have with thee; But what said the Thatcher to his man? First let's drink. So he called for a whole gallon of Aqua Vita, and mixed it with the blood of the Knight of the Golden List, who was last slain, and drank it up at one draught. After that they made a second course. wherein the Knight of the Eagle got the better; for he press'd so hard upon him, that he ran his Lance into his neck, the anguish of which wound, caused the Vandal to fall to the ground: when he was fallen to the ground, the Christians came in shoals, and took him, and bound him with iron hoops, and threw him into a Dungeon, and after that they hang'd him, and so there was an end of this Vandal.

CHAP. XI.

How Pacolet the Dwarf, censured the Necromancer Scoto, when he had him upon his Horse, and instead of carrying him into the Territories of the King of Hispania, brought him to Londinum, where he was hanged.

NOW Scoto the Necromancer seeing that he could not avoid the fury of the Christians; and for that his Charms did also fail him, he fled away. for he prayed right fervently unto blustering Boreas; wherefore blustering Boreas hearing his prayers, took him, and carried him away in a Cloakbag into the Land of Flandria. Now as soon as Pacolet the Dwarf espied him; Quoth he unto the Dwarf; Right worthy Scer, In the Name of the Ruler of the Air, what make you

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you here? Quoth he, if I make any thing; I make Buttons, for I am in deadly fear of the Christians. Then said the Dwarf, Right worthy Seer know this, that I am lately come out of the Land of *Hispānia*, where I know to secure thee as safe as a Thief in a Mill, therefore come along with me, and stay no longer to expostulate, for upon my Horse we will suddenly arrive in *Hispānia*, where thou shalt be kept as secure as Medlers in Hay. So the Seer Scoto caused the Dwarf to be highly feasted, setting before him Pararones and Hippocrisse; So on the morrow they went towards their journey, but mark what followed. Having thus ordered his affairs, he came in the dead time of the Night unto the Tent where Scoto lay, crying out so loud to him that he awoke him; Sir quoth he, little appeareth in you the love of your safety, seeing that for it you are unwilling to break your sleep. Whereunto the Seer replied, Thou hast done well to awaken me, for I was even now in a most fearful Dream; Me thought a Crow did bear me swiftly through the Air, and as she was flying away with me, another great Bird met me, and strook so hard at me, that the blood issued out in great abundance; now this Dream maketh me to fear that the Christians have some Intelligence of my Designs. Away quoth the Dwarf with this Childish fear, will you for this neglect the love of your own life? By Mahomet quoth the Seer, thou sayest the truth. Then the Dwarf took the Seer behind him upon his Wooden Horse, and turning the Pin, the Horse rose up into the Air so swiftly, that in a little space they were come to the City of Londinum. The Seer perceiving the Horse to stay, said thus unto him, Friend are we at our journeys end. Yea said the Dwarf, and fear nothing. By Mahomet quoth the Seer, the Devil hath born us hither very quickly. So he brought him into a great Hall, which belonged unto the Palace of the King of Brittain, and bid

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him enter therein, and so he entered therein. Now when the Christians heard that Scoto the Pecomancer was in the great Hall, they came into the Hall where Scoto sat. Then Scoto perceiving himself betraied, would have crept into an Augur hole, but they would not let him, and then he cried out with a loud voice, Thou false Traytor quoth he to my person, I vow to be revenged of thee for this Fact; and know this right well, that I never Dyed yet in any mans Debt to whom I ought a mischief; therefore assure thy self, that if ever I come again to be one of the Forty Tyrants, I will remember thy Box at Christmas, nay though I stay till Easter I care not much. Then the Dwarf told the Christian Knights, that if this right Diabolical Pecomancer did escape them this time, a world of miseries might ensue thereon. Whereupon they incontinently took him, and hang'd him up with a new Rope, upon the highest Pinacle of the Pallace, in the sight of many Sarazins that came to view and behold his fatal end.

CHAP. XI.

How the Gyant Hufonio went and built him a Castle in the Air, intending to live a private life; and how Sir Boreas quarrell'd with him; and how he thought to have affrighted Sir Boreas, and what happened thereupon.

THE Gyant Hufonio having met with many misfortunes, as I told you before, or whether I did or no 'tis no great matter; he resolved upon a very strange adventure, as you shall hear anon. Most miraculous it is quoth he, that I can live no where in quiet for these same Christians; However if I cannot live quiet

Quiet upon the Earth, by Mahomet I will live quiet in
 the Air, and there I will build me a Castle. Now, in
 the Air, quo his Dwarf, that is impossible. Slave,
 quoth the Gyant, thou liest; For dost thou not see how
 our God Mahomet lives in the Air: even so will I live
 there also; For why may not I live in the Air that am
 a Gyant, as well as a little Sparrow that I can crush
 to pieces between my thumb and my fore finger. The
 Dwarf then seeing him begin for to wax wroth; nay
 Sir quoth he, if you are resolved to live in the Air, you
 shall live in the Air. Being thus reconcil'd, the Gy-
 ant went on with his Project; Quoth the Gyant then
 to himself, what is there that will abide in the Air?
 Feathers most certainly! Why then suppose I should
 compose this Castle of Feathers, certes it would be
 right easy, but very light, the better for that, and the
 wind should blow me up and down like the down of a
 Whiffie. With that the Gyant smiled to himself, as
 Jupiter smiled, when he Cuckolded Amphitryo, for he
 was right well pleased to think how he should dance in
 the Air. Nay but quo his Dwarf, though Feathers
 be light, yet thou art right ponderous, and it is against
 the Rules of Philosophy, for heavy things to mount up;
 With that the Gyant rais'd against Philosophy, like a
 Tankard-bearer, for three hours together, and would
 presently have arm'd himself, upon an adventure which
 was to knock all the Philosophers in the world off
 head; But his Dwarf, less in bulk, but larger in wit,
 told him that the building of his Castle would be of far
 greater concernment, than the killing Philosophers:
 Then quoth the Gyant, as concerning this Castle, for
 I would fain have this Castle built, and built in the Air.
 And when that he had vented his mind in such wise, he
 went into the North, & cut a Rock of Adamant all into
 shivers; they say that if his Dwarf had not pull'd him
 by the elbow, he would have cut the said Rock as small

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as hearb to the Pot, for that when he was helwing, he never considered what he did; Then he bethought himself how that the nature of the Loadstone was to cleave to the North-Pole, as close as he was wont to stick unto his fair Leman; So then quoth he, if I can but make a Castle of this Loadstone, and fix it thereon, the Devil himself can never remobe it. So he made him a Castle of the pieces of Loadstone which he had helw'd out of the Rock, and when he had done, he fastned several Rings of Iron unto the sides thereof; When he tols'o it up with a vengeance, and wish'd it good luck, for quoth he, the Devil is in it, if the top of the Pole do not catch hold of some one or other of the Rings which I have made on the sides, as in sooth it happened. Now when it was fast, he bid his Dwarf go a fast about his middle, and then he gave a Jump, and leap'd in at one of the windows. Now when this Castle was thus hung by Geometrie, it seemed unto the Samoedes, and People of Groylands, as a Vinegar-Bottle upon the Top of Salisbury Spire. And when it was dark, that the Giant lighted Candles, they took it for they knew not what themselves, for they never dream'd that it was a Castle in the Air. Now when Sr. Boreas saw this strange thing he was astonish'd, and he whistled so loud that he awoke the Giant: so he looked out at the window, with his night Cap on, and asked Sr. Boreas why he whistled so loud; I will whistle yet louder quoth Sr. Boreas, and with that he whistled so furiously, that the Giant Hufonio was forced to pass in his Carcs, Then the Giant was right grievously enraged, and went and strook fire, and lighted a Torch, and caused his Dwarf to stick it in his Cap, and so he went backwards, with his Head between his Legs, to meet Sr. Boreas, as the Fellow went to fright the Tanners Dog. But Sr. Boreas was a right hazard Knight, and feared him no more than if he had been an ordinary man;

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man; for he presently blew out the Gyants Torch; and then gave him such a blow on the bare flesh, that he strook him back again into his Castle over the wall. Now the Gyant thought himself safe; But Sr. Boreas swore his Castle should not hang there; so he cut the Ring by which it was held, and rubbed the North Pole with Garlick, which caused it to lose its Magnetical force; And so the Castle, with the Gyant, and his Dwarf, fell into the bottomlesse Pit.

CHAP. XII.

How the Knight of the Lyons cast himself headlong from the top of a Tower, and broke his neck; And of the several misfortunes that beset the Forty Tyrants; And of several other delectable passages, and so good buy to yee,

NOW you must know that the Knight of the Lyons, before he executed the fatal Tragedy which he intended, made a speech but that speech is lost, for that the Records thereof are not to be found. But certain it is, that that very Evening he abandoned the sight of all Company, and repaired to the top of an high Tower, the which it was built all of Marble, wherein he harrow himself so fast with Iron bolts, that none could come within hearing of his lamentations. Then raged he up and down like frantick Oedipus, tearing his Eyes from their natural Cells, ascending the Heavens of Injustice, condemning the Earth of Iniquity, & cursing man, because he could not be Knight of the Lyons still: Another while he wished that some unlucky Planet would descend from the Firmament, & fall upon his miserable Head. Being in this extreme despaire, because he was put away from the Castle of

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the Lyons, he never hoped to return thither again; And so about midnight, being a time when desperate men practice their own destructions, he cast himself headlong from the top of the Tower, and broke his Neck, and all besprinkled the stony pavements with his Blood and Braines.

When was Sr. Haringtonius, Knight of the Rota, also in deep distresse, for he fled from the fury of the Christians, as Dust flies before a Whirlwind; And he cried out, Oh yee fatal Torches of the Elements, why are you not clad in mournful Habilliments, to cloak my wandering steps in eternal darknesse? More he would have said, but that a certain salt Rheume fell upon his Lungs, which caused him to have a very great Barre in his Throat, so that thereupon he was in wonderful despair; Now as he was in despair so was he in Arabia likewise, and being in both together, a most desperate whimsy came into his head; Wherefore he got to himself Odours and Spices of sundry kinds, as also the odoriferous branches of Lignum Rhodium, and several other sweet woods; And when he had piled them in a heap together, he put thereunto fire, and then threw himself into the flames; for that it is said, he had long before resolved, if misfortunes came thick upon him, to dye like a Phoenix: For that the Knight of the Lyons was alwayes accounted a Phoenix; Now if he were a Phoenix, then men said true, but if he were not a Phoenix, then men did not say true.

But as for Sr. Ludlojus, the Knight of the Green powdering Tub, though he did not dye, yet there befell him an Accident, quite contrary to that of the Knight of the Lyons. For when he came to the Enchanted Castle of Parismus, he demanded entrance right boldly. But the Gyant Parismus had made his House an Office, just before his Castle gate, so that if Knights were not very wary, they fell thereinto up to the Head

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and Cares, as it happened to Sr. Ludlojus, ſo that he came to be in the ſtrangeſt pickle that ever Knight was in. Now you muſt know, that by the Knights falling into the Priſty, the Inchantments of Pariſmus were diſſolved, as it hath many times happened in ſtory; So that the ſaſt Paſd of Wimbleton, being now freed from the bondage he was in, came forth, and ſcraped Sr. Ludlojus ſo clean, that he ſmelt as ſweet as a Ra-ſor. When he and the Knight departed together, but whither, or what became of them after, I here of no Body that kenneth.

The Deer Feko hearing of theſe things, was ſorely grieved; ſo he told the Emperour, who was peſe- ped Preſter-John, that if he would protect him in his Domi- nions, he would Convert all his People to the true Faith; What is that quoth the Emperour? The Deer replied, that there was required a multitude of words to declare what the true Faith was; So he be- gan a long ſpeech; But when the Emperour heard him ſalk in his proper phraſes, telling him of Rolling upon the Promiſes, Quickning of the Spirit, Subduing the Outward Man, and the like; it is ſaid that the Emper- ours haſt ſtood an end, ſo that he thought he had been Conjuring; And he called for his Guard, and cauſed them to put him out of his Court; Now being thus put out, he departed into the Land of Meſopotamia, which borders upon the Red Sea. But if you would know what is become of the Deer Rogero, who was the inti- mate Companion of the Deer Feko, I muſt tell you, that he is now practiſing the noble Science of Corn cut- ting, in the Kingdom of Kathaia.

I muſt alſo inform you, that many of the Forty Ty- rants, falling into the hands of the Chriſtians, were hanged, which was the chiefſt occaſion that we can here of that they liſed no longer. So that it is not fit- ting that we ſhould take notice of the Dead, becauſe that

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that after their deaths, they never did any thing Considerable. Only it is said that Sr. Harrymartino, the Knight of the Turpentine Pill, begged and intreated hard for his life, offering both his Testicles for the Redemption of his Neck; But Dame Waradina would by no means let him alter his property, willing he should be hanged, rather than disable himself for her service; and so being hanged amongst the rest, he took his leave of this World; but whether he changed this Life for a better, He himself best knoweth.

Alme quoth Sr. Wallopius, and hath the Royal Knight dissolved the Charms of Seoto the Necromancer? Most certainly replied Sr. Muntonius, who was peeped the Slovenly Knight. Then what shall become of us, quoth Sr. Wallopius. So they went unto a certain Necromancer, and he made them a Tomb, which was enchanted by Magick Art. Now this Sepulcher was encompass'd about with a Wall of Iron. So when this Monument was framed by Art, Sr. Wallopius, and Sr. Muntonius, caused themselves to be enclosed therein; where he shall leave them Con- versing with Furies, walking Spirits, and black pots of Ale; according to the Tenor of a certain Prophecy, so yetold some Ages ago.

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